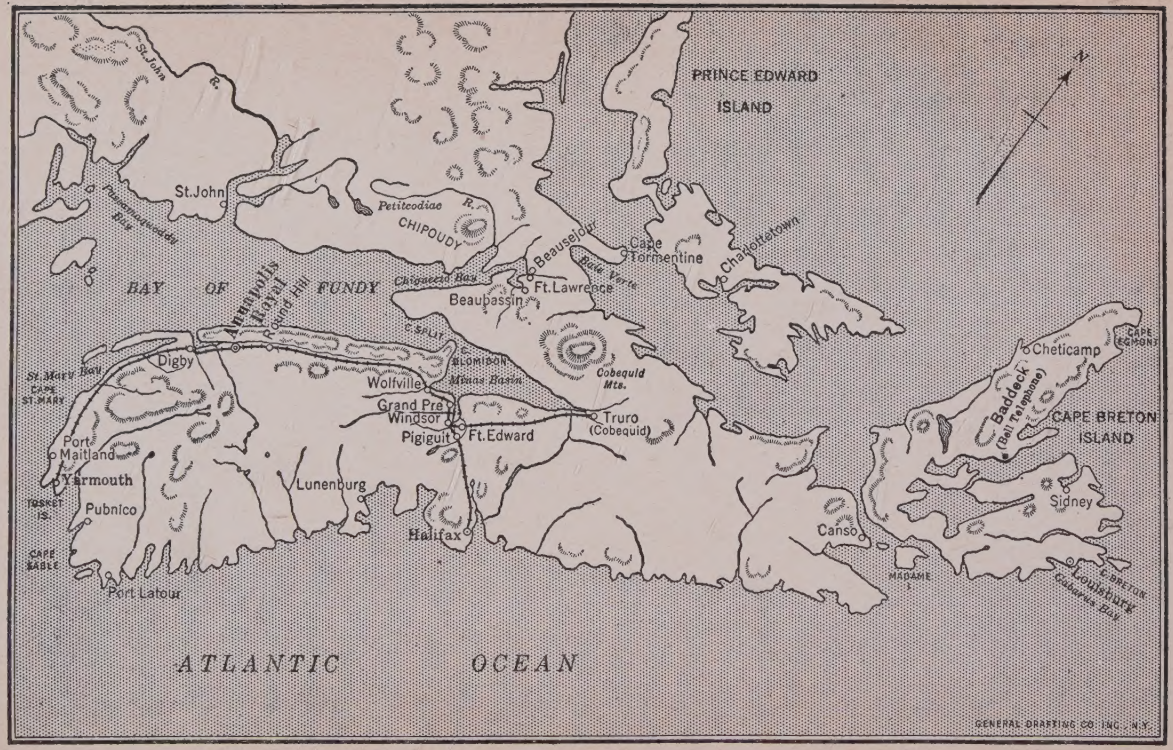
THE LAND OF EVANGELINE

SILENT READING

THOMSON



MAP OF NOVA SCOTIA

Lois E. Wilson
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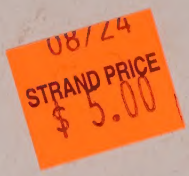
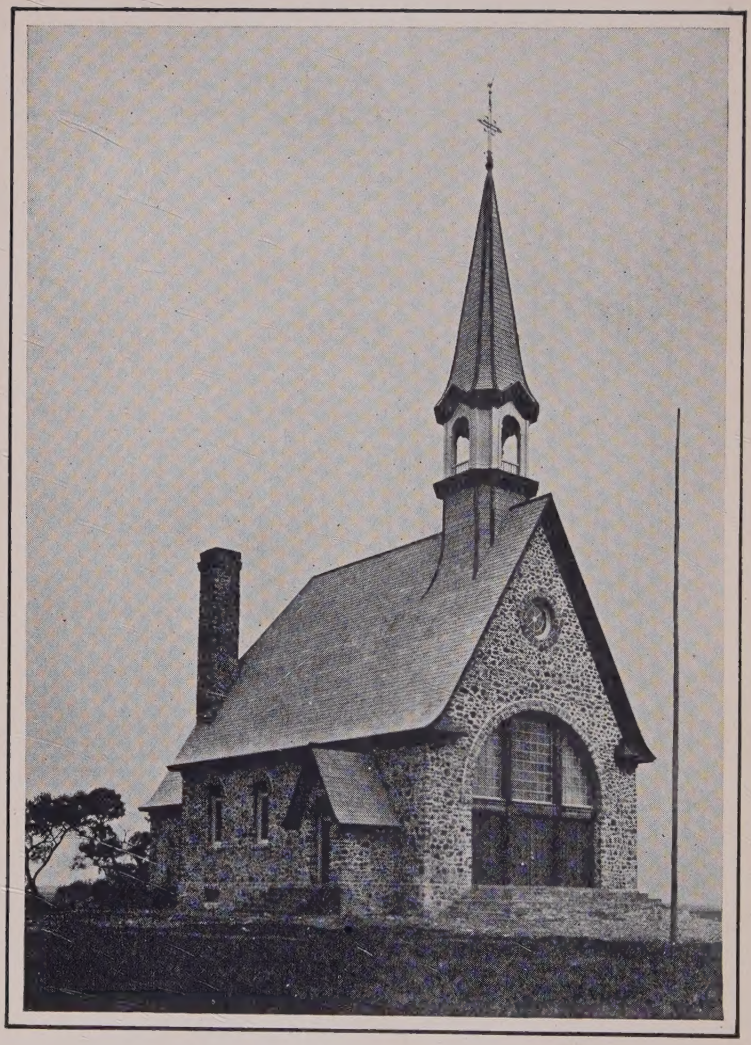
Binghamton, N.Y.





CHURCH AT GRAND-PRÉ

Erected by the Descendants of the Acadians

The Land of Evangeline

SILENT READING

AND THE POEM

EVANGELINE

BY

JAY EARLE THOMSON, A. M.

PRINCIPAL SCHOOL NUMBER THREE

Jersey City, New Jersey

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FOREWORD

TO present authentically and truthfully the historical and geographical background of Longfellow's "Evangeline"; to give the pupil a comprehensive idea of the fundamental facts pertaining to the poem and to the *Land of Evangeline;* to trace the activities of the Acadians from their arrival in Nova Scotia to the present day; to take the pupil on interesting trips through this maritime province; to supplement these travels by the introduction of recent photographs and maps; to describe all the major places mentioned by the poet; to introduce the pupil to one of America's most illustrious and distinguished poets; and to inspire the pupil to study, read and appreciate this popular American Classic—"Evangeline"—these have been the aims and motives of the author in compiling this text.

This is an entirely new method of departure in the teaching of "Evangeline." The eighteen chapters serve as an interesting and illuminating introduction to the poem which is included in this book with explanatory notes, outlines, questions, and photographs. From the text the teacher will see that this modern method is essential in adequately teaching the poem.

The compilation of this manuscript required several years of study, travel, and research. During this time the author had access to the best libraries in the country. Especially does he wish to express his indebtedness and gratitude to the librarians at Wash-

ington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Halifax, and Acadia University at Wolfville, Nova Scotia. In the archives of these institutions a vast amount of literature was procured relative to the Acadians and the *Land of Evangeline.* During his travels the author had the privilege to associate with Nova Scotian hunters, guides, trappers, missionaries, and Indians and their Chieftains; to visit many times the interesting places mentioned or described in the text and poem; to study and examine old records and documents that have been so carefully preserved in the museums; and to witness the return of the Descendants of the Acadians to the Evangeline Memorial Park as described in Chapter XV.

In supplementing the teaching of "Evangeline" this text can be used effectively in a diversity of ways—oral or silent reading, dramatizing, socialized recitation, developing projects, etc.

A certain amount of oral reading should be emphasized. It is true, however, that the bulk of our reading is not aloud but silent. Consequently it seems unpedagogical to prepare a pupil entirely for oral reading. Inasmuch as the major part of our work in school and life depends upon our ability to read silently we should give increased stress to this modern method of teaching. Throughout this text will be found a wealth of material that should be used in teaching silent reading. At the end of each chapter the teacher will find QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS for use in research and silent reading.

Throughout the text and poem are numerous scenes suitable for dramatization. The purpose of

dramatizing is not to make juvenile stage-artists, but to give the pupils an opportunity to develop those excellent qualities of character, responsibility, and leadership that are so badly needed. That the ethical, cultural, and appreciative values in dramatizing are important cannot be denied.

A great effort has been put forth to procure excellent photographs with which to illustrate the entire book. The majority of these have hitherto been unpublished. The author has inserted the pictures and maps to be studied carefully, and not looked at and forgotten. Acknowledgment is made with due gratitude to the Fox Film Company for permission to reproduce the photographs used in the poem.

The author expresses a desire that this text will not only create a greater interest in Evangeline and her country, but will develop in the minds and hearts of the boys and girls a greater love, respect, and admiration for our beloved American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who has immortalized the *Land of Evangeline.* It is hoped that the pupils will have as great a pleasure in reading and studying these pages as did the author in writing them.

Jay Earle Thomson

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CHAPTER I

NOVA SCOTIA

NOVA SCOTIA, that picturesque and tide-swept peninsular province of Canada, is said to have been discovered by the Norsemen, but Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, our beloved American poet, rediscovered it a thousand years later and made it the *Land of Evangeline.* This great poet has not only immortalized Acadia, but has, through the poem "Evangeline," endeared himself to our hearts forever.

The beautiful story of Evangeline, from its delicate pathos, its tender appeal to our sympathies, and its actual historical setting, has ever been most interesting. You have heard of Evangeline, but where is the *Land of Evangeline?* Had it not been for the poem, Evangeline's country might have remained practically unknown to the rest of the world. The word "Acadia" is not found on our maps, and neither does it appear in our histories. After the close of the French and Indian War, the maritime province became known as Nova Scotia.

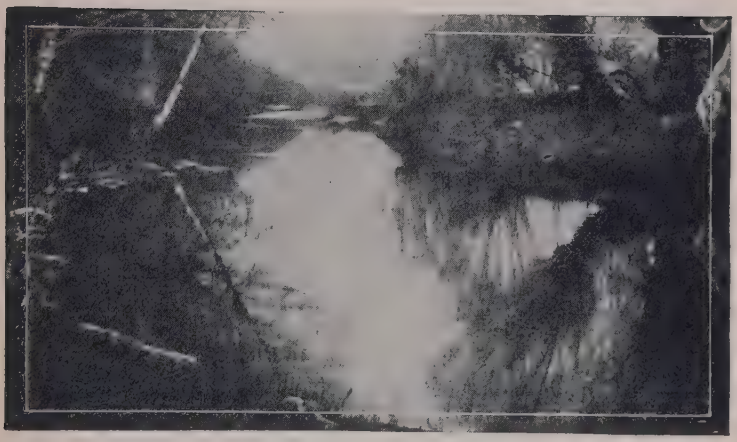
The craggy coast with bay-like fjords, reminds one

AN APPLE ORCHARD

"Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard"

of Norway. The well-kept farms and fragrant orchards show a striking resemblance to the famous Santa Clara Valley. The wooded mountains suggest the green hills of New England. The dykelands are similar to those in Holland, and the numerous French settlements recall the romantic days of Evangeline.

Nature has done much to beautify this interesting peninsula. The gigantic tides rise to a height of forty to seventy feet. Mountains clothed with evergreen forests cover a large area. Spruce, pine, fir, and hemlock shelter the moose, bear, caribou, and deer. In the mountain streams and limpid lakes live trout and salmon without number. Throughout the region the traveler finds memorials of France. Lakes, villages, rivers, and mountains are named in honor of French princes, statesmen, missionaries, soldiers, and saints.



The Gaspereau River

The crowning glory of Nova Scotia is the *Land of Evangeline*. Among the scenic and historic lands of the world it is unique. From all parts of the earth travelers come to the peninsula. The healthful climate, the unparalleled scenery, and the hospitality of the Canadians offer splendid attractions to the visitor in this historic country.

The *Land of Evangeline* has a just claim upon the heart and mind of every American. Beneath the greensward on Point Rochfort sleep hundreds of brave New Englanders who lost their lives for the possession of the fortress at Louisburg. The seas adjacent to Nova Scotia are strewn with wrecks of American vessels. Along the shores of Bedford Basin near Halifax are the unknown sepulchres of Revolutionary heroes who died as prisoners of war.

Sieur de Monts, a Huguenot, was commissioned by Henry IV to colonize Acadia for France. In 1604, as de Monts landed on American shores, he claimed the territory between the present sites of Philadelphia

Statue of De Monts at Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia

and Montreal for France. On the coast of Maine he planted the fleur-de-lis, where it remained for a century and a half.

In June of that memorable year, de Monts, in company with Samuel Champlain, entered the Annapol Basin on a small sloop and organized a settleme

THE EVERGREEN FOREST

This highway follows the former bed of the Gaspereau

which they called Port Royal. Later, the people decided to change the name to Annapolis Royal, in honor of Queen Anne. To-day, at this place stands a large granite monument erected to the memory of de Monts who colonized the territory in the name of France.

The State of Maine has another monument to this explorer in Sieur de Monts National Park,[1] which consists of a bold range of seaward-facing granite peaks rising fifteen hundred feet above the mighty Atlantic. At one time in recent history this mountain park belonged to the Acadians.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, had so great an admiration and love for Nova Scotia that he bought a beautiful estate at Baddeck where he spent the major portion of his summers. On August 2, 1922, this eminent inventor, greater than the Alexanders and Napoleons of war and conquest,

1. The name of this park has been recently changed to Mt. Desert Island Park.

passed away at his home in Baddeck, Nova Scotia. To-day, in a windowless palace of rest beneath the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks," and in the *Land of Evangeline*, sleeps the great scientist, inventor, professor, and lover of children.

CHAPTER I

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. To what country does the author refer as the *Land of Evangeline?*
2. Can you find the word "Acadia" on your maps?
3. Compare this country with other lands.
4. Why does Nova Scotia claim our attention?
5. Give five reasons why you would like to visit this maritime province.
6. Show by the globe or map the most direct route to reach the *Land of Evangeline.*
7. What has Nature done to beautify this peninsula?
8. Go to your library and read the biography of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone.
9. The Government has circulated considerable literature relative to the Sieur de Monts National Park. Select some member of your class to secure one of these pamphlets for your reading table.
10. What is meant by the "fleur-de-lis"? Give a brief account of the explorer who first came to these shores.

CHAPTER II

THE EASTERN GATEWAY

THE Eastern Gateway to the *Land of Evangeline* leads through the territory occupied by the delightful and historic City of Halifax. In the year 1749, this city was founded and became the seat of the Government of Nova Scotia. Halifax was named in honor of Lord Halifax, the President of the Board of Trade.

The first Councilors took the oath of office in the Harbor of Halifax on the old sailing ship, *Beaufort.* As soon as the new officials signed their names to the charter, the muzzle-loading guns on the deck of the ship were fired to inform the people of the establishment of a new city. To-day, in the Province Building, tourists may see the table which these patriotic citizens used in signing their names to the charter.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century France and England became involved in a terrible war. Likewise, their respective colonies in the western hemisphere waged war against each other. Finally, by the "Treaty of Utrecht" peace was established among the French and English. Although the war had ended in Europe, a few minor attacks were made by the colonists in Nova Scotia.

View of the Halifax Harbor from the Citadel

England became conscious that the French in this province exerted a great influence, not only upon the English, but also upon the native or Micmac Indians. In Parliament, a number of British statesmen favored destroying or counteracting this influence. British leaders feared French rule throughout Nova Scotia. With this fear in mind, the English made plans to strengthen themselves by founding a permanent colony on the Atlantic seaboard. This settlement, made by the Scotch, became the Halifax of to-day.

The arrival of these dauntless, blue-eyed people from Scotland was a sad blow to the Acadian French and a great inspiration to the British of Nova Scotia. This move on the part of the English marked the fall of the French and the beginning of a new empire in the West.

The voyage of the adventurous Scotch across the stormy Atlantic required three long months. In those days of sailing craft, people never dreamed that the trip would be made eventually in five or six days by either steam or electrically driven machinery. The diseases which diminished their numbers, the terrible storms through which they passed, and the fog banks which concealed the worst enemies of the sea—the icebergs—tempted the sailors to return.

In the study of Greek History you will learn of Ulysses. On a certain voyage he encountered fearful storms, which made him the sport of the wind and waves and caused him to turn back. The Scotch were more intrepid than Ulysses. Conscious of their pledge to serve their country, they surmounted the disturbing

forces of nature, and at last found a placid harbor on whose banks the City of Halifax now stands.

Halifax lies on a long slope of land which projects into the harbor. Authors and poets have vividly described its picturesqueness. Years ago the Micmac Indians called this peninsula "Chebucto," which in their tongue means "chief of havens."

Perhaps you remember April 15, 1912. On that day the *Titanic*, the palatial transatlantic liner, sank to the bottom of the ocean after striking a huge iceberg. In Fairview Cemetery at Halifax, are rows on rows of graves—many of them nameless—of unfortunate people who lost their lives in this disaster. But the world soon forgets such tragedies, for others come swiftly, like bursting waves from the ocean, to take their places.

On December 6, 1917, in the flash of an eye three thousand souls were plunged into eternity by the terrific explosion of a French ship in the harbor of Halifax. Hundreds of homes, stores, and shops were completely destroyed, and thousands of people maimed and crippled. The vessel, containing four thousand tons of tri-ni-tro-tol-u-ol (TNT), was anchored near the peninsula. This munition ship was rammed by a vessel laden with supplies for the Belgian Relief Commission. When the inhabitants heard the explosion, they believed that a German Zeppelin had arrived to destroy their cities.

Regardless of inadequate train service and snow-covered automobile roads, relief workers rushed to the stricken city only to find a colossal mass of

Ruins of Halifax

wrecked homes whose occupants had been killed by the terrific concussion or injured by falling débris. When the people saw the wreckage covered with water, they supposed that a huge tidal wave had swept the city. The widespread conflagration that followed, and the heavy snowstorm that lasted three days, made relief work almost impossible.

Schoolhouses, churches, barns, factories, and homes, for a radius of fifty miles were used as hospitals to care for the unfortunate people. The Red Cross—the greatest humanitarian organization of any age—hurried relief trains to the stricken city.

To-day the débris is cleared away, and new struc-

Halifax Restored

tures replace the ones destroyed by the concussion and the fire. Halifax, like an individual, knew a way to recover from the violent shock. Within a few years the city, inspired by duty and affection, remolded itself.

In geography and history you have read about disasters that have befallen many cities. Pompeii was destroyed by volcanic eruption; Chicago and Baltimore were practically devastated by fire; Johnstown and Austin, Pennsylvania, were wiped out by the bursting of dams; Galveston was swept by a huge tidal wave; and the world will never forget the recent earthquake that occurred in Japan.

Halifax Harbor is known the world over for its

picturesqueness and security. Including its inner basin, the harbor is approximately sixteen miles long. In winter the water does not freeze over. At any time of the year vessels, flying the flags of nearly every nation in the world, may be seen riding at anchor. This "haven" is the favorite rendezvous of the West Indian and North American squadrons. The docks and their yards provide extensive facilities for loading and unloading great cargoes of freight. A new granite dry-dock, costing over a million dollars, which has recently been completed, will receive the largest warship.

The older section of Halifax extends for a distance of three miles along the waterfront. From the harbor the city has the appearance of being terraced. The streets parallel the shore and rise one above another to the citadel.

Throughout history the English have been noted for their citadels. As the British citadel on the Rock of Gibraltar commands the Strait of Gibraltar, so does the citadel of Halifax, situated on the top of the hill, two hundred fifty feet high, dominate the harbor and protect the city from a possible invasion. The network of coast batteries, the fortified islands, and the large number of invisible mines, planted on the harbor's floor and located at strategic points, make it practically impossible for a hostile fleet to enter the city.

From the citadel a panorama of exceptional beauty unfolds itself. Stretching to the south is the famous peninsula which divides the harbor into two parts—

HALIFAX

"There is a City by the sea,
Where all may troublous care relax,
For everything moves tranquilly,
In that old place called Halifax."

Bedford Basin and Northwest Arm. In the distance and at the extremity of the Arm lies Point Pleasant Park, which contains an ancient martello tower. Along the shores scores of pretty summer cottages are nestled among the stately shade trees. Through this eastern portal pass the travelers to visit Evangeline's birthplace.

CHAPTER II

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. The author speaks of Halifax as the "Eastern Gateway." Is there a just claim to the title?

2. On your map locate Halifax. Give two reasons for locating the city on this particular site.
3. Imagine that you were with the Scotch when they docked on Acadian shores. Write a letter to a friend describing the voyage and the sights of Nova Scotia.
4. Select some member of your class to tell the story of Ulysses.
5. After the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht, why did the English continue to molest the French? What did the English do to strengthen themselves in this province? Does this event suggest to you the reason for the name "Nova Scotia"?
6. Write a letter to a friend describing the explosion at Halifax.
7. Mention any disasters that have befallen other cities or countries.
8. What made the disaster at Halifax doubly distressing? Just prior to this incident, what had Nova Scotia already endured?
9. Read about the wonderful work of the Red Cross, and prepare an oral report for the class.
10. Read the life of Clara Barton, the school-teacher, from New Jersey, who founded the American Red Cross.

CHAPTER III

HOW THE MICMAC INDIANS LIVED

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic. . . . . .
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

ON leaving Halifax, the Dominion Express enters a large area of evergreen trees, and the traveler wonders if this is the forest primeval.

Occasionally, placid inland lakes, reflecting the beauty of the sky, startle the vision with their brilliance. In this vast forest near Grand-Pré, the home of Evangeline and her people, lived the Micmac Indians, quietly and peaceably. Long before white people first came to the *Land of Evangeline,* the Micmac Indians were the "Children of the Forest."

The Micmacs called this country "Acadia," which in their language meant "Land of Plenty." A document, printed in 1603, has been found in which the word "Acadie" was used for the first time. That

this country was called "Acadie," or "Cadie," for centuries prior to this date cannot be denied by historians. Throughout this region are to be found numerous names which terminate in *acadie* or *cadie*—Shubenacadie, Chicabenacadie, Tracadie, Benacadie, Sunacadie, Ketacadie, etc.

MICMAC CHIEFTAIN

This chieftain is celebrating his ninety-first birthday

From the many relics found in this country and the traditions handed down from generation to generation of the Micmacs, it is believed that a different race of people inhabited this section at some remote time. The axes, hammers, knives, etc., which have been discovered, are similar to those used by the Eskimo in

Labrador and Greenland. Landmarks and ruins of the ancient huts give a partial idea of their size, shape, and structure. Since the present homes of the Eskimo have the same characteristics, it seems reasonable to believe that our arctic neighbors were the original people in Acadia.

The Indians observed that the Eskimos subsisted chiefly on meat and fish. Hence, it is supposed, the Micmacs named them "Eaters of Raw Meat," or—in their language—Eskimos. The Iroquois Indians apparently drove the Eskimos northward along the shores. The Micmacs came from the southwest, took possession of Acadia, and forced the Iroquois towards the north into the region of the St. Lawrence River. These Indians were the first with whom the British came in contact in America. From Mare Lescarbot in the beginning, and Nicholas Denys in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and also from Diereville, who lived a few years later, the world has heard much concerning the life of the original Micmacs.

The British called these Indians the "Red Men." They were not really red, but the color of their skin resembled dark copper. The Indians were usually tall and muscular. They had long hair which was thick and black, high cheek bones, small, dark eyes, nicely formed hands, and clean, white teeth.

The early Micmacs were cheerful, sociable, and quite talkative. They loved companionship. To their friends they were kind, courteous, and polite; but to their enemies they were cruel, heartless, and merciless.

A Typical Group of Micmac Indians

All the Indians were fond of dress and delighted to use paint and wear highly colored garments. When Lescarbot visited them in 1609, he found the Indians wearing a skin breechcloth fastened to a leathern girdle, and a cloak of either moose or bear skin tied over the shoulder with a thin piece of dried skin. The women wore colored girdles about their cloaks of otter, lynx, or beaver.

The Indian's footwear was very simple. His moccasins he made from mooseskin. When he wore these moccasins in the forest searching for food, he stepped so stealthily on the leaves, twigs, and stones that he was not easily heard by the wild animals.

The men and the women paid little attention to their headdress. The Indians of both sexes wore their hair loose over their shoulders. Sometimes the men

would fasten their hair upon the crown of the head with a lace made of leather. The Indians were fond of wearing beads, feathers, and in fact any available ornaments. In their ears they wore matchias, which the women made from porcupine quills. These were made more attractive by coloring them white, black, or red.

From time immemorial all races have suffered from mosquitoes. In this section the salt-water and marsh mosquitoes were very prolific. The Indians had no screens or netting for protection from these pests, and in order to defend themselves, they greased their bodies and anointed their shoulders with fish oil.

In a little volume written half a century ago, Miss Frame, a Nova Scotia writer, described an encampment of the Micmac Indians, as follows:

"Here some of the women were busy sewing and repairing old birch-bark canoes. In this primitive shipyard neither broad-ax nor caulking-mallet was required. Made of split ash and shaped with a knife and moulded by hand, the framework was covered with sheets of white birch-bark, and sewed with the tough rootlets of trees. The wigwams were formed of poles stuck into the ground and secured at the top by a withe. This circular enclosure was covered with birch-bark; a blanket or skin covered the entrance; and the center was occupied by the fire, the struggling smoke of which found its way out at the top. Around the fire boughs were laid, which served the family for seats. Dogs snored around the camps, and papooses lay sleeping in cradles strapped to their mothers'

backs, their brown faces upturned to the sun. Beside the spring the women were preparing the feast for the congregated warriors. Over the fire were suspended cauldrons containing a savory stew of porcupine, caribou, and duck. Salmon were roasting before the fires, the fish being inserted, wedge fashion, into a split piece of ash some two feet in length, crossed by other splits, its end planted firmly into the earth at a convenient distance from the fire.''

CHAPTER III

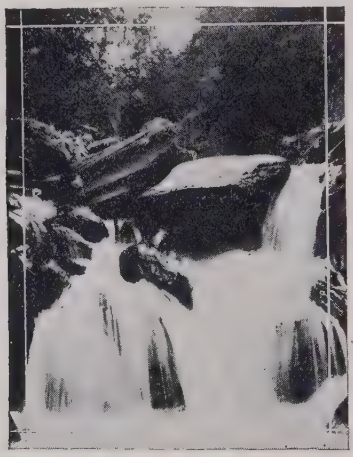
QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. What is the origin of the word ''Acadia''?
2. Give reasons showing that the Eskimo probably inhabited Nova Scotia.
3. It is true that several glaciers passed over this region several centuries ago. Authorities seem to think that the Eskimos may have advanced with these rivers of ice. Do you think they returned to the northland as the ice melted, or were driven back by the Indians?
4. What did the pioneers learn from the Micmacs?
5. Assume that you have visited the ''Forest Primeval'' where the Micmacs lived. Write a brief account of an encampment of these Indians.
6. What kind of food did these ''red men'' relish?
7. Have you read ''The Last of the Mohicans'' by James Fenimore Cooper, or ''Ramona'' by Helen Hunt Jackson? In each of these books you will find a good description of the Indians. Ask one of your classmates to read one of these famous books, and report to the class.
8. As you read this book, keep in mind some of the places that have Indian names.
9. Can you think of any towns in your locality that were named after the Indians?
10. Nearly every place in the country was inhabited more or less by the Indians. Tell to the class an Indian story that you may have heard.

CHAPTER IV

EDUCATION OF THE MICMACS

AS soon as the youthful Indian learned to walk and talk, he received a thorough education in the school of the forest. He was trained by his father



ONE OF THE MANY TROUT STREAMS

from childhood to become intimately acquainted with the habits of the animals and the birds. In order that he might be a successful hunter, he was taught at an early age to use the bow and arrow. It was impressed upon his mind early in life that his subsistence came from the forest and the stream.

Each Indian boy inherited an ambition to be a successful hunter. Every boy realized that his social standing or rank in the tribe depended upon his skill and prowess. The evergreen forests abounded with moose, caribou, deer, and wild fowl; in the streams were plenty of salmon and trout; and along the shores of the Basin of Minas were countless flocks of wild ducks and geese.

In the forest primeval the youth pursued courses in biology. He learned the names of the trees and shrubs, useful plants and roots, and studied attentively the nature, habits, and practical uses of each. These "Children of the Forest" had carefully dissected every animal known to them. To the bones, tissues, and arteries they gave names.

The Indians were somewhat familiar with the study of geography. Of course they knew nothing about Europe, Asia, or Africa. However, every Indian boy acquired a knowledge of the geography of the province. He received instruction about every lake, river, and hunting ground in his territory.

The Indians were well versed in meteorology. Their ancestors had studied weather conditions for years. From experience they knew that an "East wind is not good for man or beast." Changes in temperature, storms, and droughts were accurately foretold by the weather forecasters. Whenever nature gave the animals or birds an extra amount of covering in the late summer and fall, the Indians prepared for a hard winter.

While the Indians sat quietly waiting for game in

the wilderness, their minds turned to the study of astronomy. Tradition had told them that the North Star remained stationary in the heavens. The circumpolar stars were observed by them. It required only a few observations to discover that these stars never set. Many of the planets, fixed stars, and constellations had Indian names. For example, they called the Great Bear "Muen," which in their language meant "bear."

The Indians were taught by their instructors to count and to perform simple operations in arithmetic. The Indian, like the American schoolboy, could count as far as he pleased. In counting to ten he said:

na-ookt	one
tah-boo	two
seest	three
na-oo	four
nahn	five
ussookum	six
eloosggunnuk	seven
oogummoolchin	eight
peskoonahduk	nine
m'tiln	ten

The Indians' children were taught with great care to speak plainly and accurately. As far as we know, their Indian teachers did not possess a grammar or a dictionary. However, every Indian was expected to use his language correctly. Very frequently the Indians quoted higher authorities to prove that an error had been made in the language. This higher authority has never revealed his identity. Whenever

the Indian observed an error in speech, he would remark, "They don't say it so," or, "This is the way they speak."

To become a councilor in his tribe was the ambition of every Indian. The principal requirement for this civic office was oratory. If an Indian could speak clearly and forcibly, he was assured of this renowned position.

The religion of the Micmacs was not unlike that of the other forty tribes of North America. The Indian believed in the shadowy existence of the soul or spirit after death. Although the Indians were unfamiliar with the writings or sayings of Confucius, Mohammed, Brahma, and Jesus, they unreservedly believed in the immortality of the soul.

The language of the Indians is expressive and flexible, and verbs can be conjugated or nouns declined as easily as in Latin or Greek. The persons and numbers are indicated by the particular ending of the verb. In German, Latin, and Greek many tenses are found; similarly there are a number of tenses in Micmac. We do not know where the Micmacs acquired their vocabulary of forty thousand words. Many of these words resemble the Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. It must be remembered that their language contained these similarities long before the European set foot on American soil.

In Mexico, Peru, Italy, and Greece a former civilization has been discovered. It seems obvious from an intensive study of the world and its peoples that as a result of the precession of the equinoxes, the ad-

vancement and recession of mammoth glaciers, and the constant changing of the crust of the earth by internal forces, this sphere of ours has been peopled and repeopled a number of different times. Does it not seem logical that all men came originally from the "Garden of Eden" where one language was spoken?

In the *Land of Evangeline* only a few descendants of the famous Micmacs are to be found. The government of Nova Scotia has been very kind to the "Children of the Forest." The officials have set apart certain tracts of land for their use. During the hunting season each autumn, hunters from various parts of the United States and Canada employ the Indians as guides. This work they do well, for they are familiar with the topography of the country and the habits of the moose and caribou. The Indian guide has lived so many years in the forest studying the habits of the moose that he can call one to within a few yards. Before a law was passed by the government prohibiting this practice, few hunters failed to secure game after the guide had given his imitation of the moose call.

Some of the Indians make ax-handles and baskets; others beads and porcupine quill work. Although the Indian lives in his native land and the government cares for him, he seems to be a "Man without a Country."

Pneumonia, tuberculosis, and occasional cases of smallpox are prevalent among them. Each succeeding year finds their population decreasing. In a few years the Micmac Indians will be extinct, but their

cherished traditions, with their many contributions to civilization in North America have been indelibly written upon the sacred pages of history.

CHAPTER IV

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Where did the Indian boy go to school? Who was his teacher?
2. What was the aim and ambition of every youthful Indian?
3. Why did the Indians insist on having their children speak plainly and accurately?
4. It is said that the Indians could count and perform simple operations involving addition. Try to find information that will tell you whether or not they could multiply, divide, or subtract.
5. The Indian children were always courteous, polite, and truthful. Write a paragraph on the necessity of having good manners.
6. How do you account for the fact that the language of the Micmacs resembled that of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin?
7. Every tribe of Indians had a "Medicine Man." Imagine that you are ill and a "Medicine Man" comes to treat you. Tell the class what funny things the Indian doctor does to drive the evil spirits out of your body.
8. What can you tell of the remains of a former civilization in Mexico and Peru?
9. What are the occupations of the present Micmacs?
10. Find out what the government of Nova Scotia is doing for the Indians.

CHAPTER V

THE HUNTERS' PARADISE

THE lakes and streams in this region contain many varieties of fish; in the forests are countless numbers of wild animals, such as moose, bear, deer, caribou, and porcupine; and along the shores and in the marshlands as well as in the edges of the wooded country live ducks, geese, snipe, plover, grouse, woodcock, and pheasants.

Undoubtedly the variety and the abundance of game induced people to make their first settlements along the streams and coast. The Eskimo and the Micmac Indians secured their living by fishing and hunting. The influx of the white people has to some extent decimated a large amount of game, yet the country is frequently called a paradise for the hunter or trapper.

The Micmacs and Acadians caught salmon and trout, not only in the tidal rivers of the Basin of Minas but along the shores of the Atlantic Ocean and the Bay of Fundy. In the Annapolis River fishermen use weirs to catch the fish that are brought in by the tides. The original weir sites may be seen to-day by the traveler. All the lakes and streams yield splendid specimens of trout and salmon.

Scores of men along the Annapolis River are em-

ployed in the fishing industry. With the incoming tide fish are naturally brought in. The government has allowed the people in the past to construct weirs at different places. A weir is usually a dam or dyke thrown across the stream to raise the level of the water in order to divert its course. However, in this case the weirs are different. These devices are constructed of stone, mud, brush, and twigs, and form either a letter V or an arc of a circle. In the center there is an opening to permit navigation. When the tide goes out, large quantities of fish are caught in these traps.

During the month of May and in the early part of June the salmon leave the salt water and journey up the many rivers to the lakes that form their headwaters. In changing their habitat from salt to fresh water it is necessary for them to surmount many obstacles. Falls of considerable height, rapid currents, rocky and shallow streams, and high dams impede their progress.

To assist the fish in overcoming these difficulties, the government has installed artificial structures. The name of "salmon ladder" has been applied to them. In the River Gaspereau this "ladder" assists vast numbers of salmon to pass over the dam. Usually a game warden stands near this device in order to protect the fish.

During the open season fishermen use both rods and nets in catching the salmon. Commercial fishermen use nets of special construction that are regulated by law. To-day salmon fishing is an important indus-

AN ELECTRIC PLANT BY THE GASPEREAU

Note the device which allows the salmon to go up and down the stream

try in the province. Along the shores are canneries which export canned fish to all parts of the globe.

Few forests on this side of the Atlantic surpass those of Nova Scotia for beauty and wealth of vegetation. Along the streams and clearings are many varieties of shrubs and wild flowers. Mountain laurel, honeysuckle, sedges, and ferns grow profusely. The steep and rugged mountainsides are clothed with pine, fir, hemlock, and spruce. The beautiful hues blend perfectly with the landscape. In the morning the woodland is a silvery-red grey; then a lustrous green; then an olive green; and then at dusk the entire forest becomes a massive wall of emerald.

The forest primeval that Longfellow mentioned has disappeared. However, another forest has grown up that shelters animal life and gives protection to

the game birds. In order to locate the chief habitat of animal and bird life in this wild sanctuary, time, perseverance, and a general knowledge of nature are required.

Of all the varieties of ducks, the sportsman prefers the black Canadian duck. In the North may be found the principal home of this web-footed bird. During the autumn great flocks of them desert the seclusion of their northern breeding grounds and migrate to southern regions. During September and October these travelers from the Northland feed along the shores of the Basin of Minas. Hundreds and at times thousands of them may be seen floating on the waves.

Along the banks of the lakes and streams live colonies of beavers. As the interior of the province is thinly peopled, the beavers make this wild woodland their abode. It is not uncommon to discover a colony at work preparing for the long cold winter. These animals usually work from spring until late in the summer cutting down trees with their teeth. Trees having a diameter of seven or eight inches are no match for the sharpness of their teeth and their perseverance. For protection, they build their dams and houses at night. Since this work is so well done, it leads one to believe they possess a superior animal intelligence. At one time beaver skins were used extensively in the manufacture of hats and coats. At the present time, however, owing to the scarcity of the beaver, enormous prices are charged for real beaver skin.

In the vicinity of the mountains, lakes, and wooded

DAVID COSTLEY

This veteran hunter has captured one hundred fifteen bears

country abound other kinds of fur-bearing animals. Among these are the fox, mink, muskrat, and otter. The hunting or trapping of bear partakes more of the nature of sport, and bear stories are so inextricably interwoven with the pioneer history that a touch of romance is given by them to any locality where they are still extant.

In a little grey cottage near Kentville dwells David Costley, a fearless and intrepid hunter of bears. Although this sportsman is ninety years of age, his ardor and enthusiasm carry him through the ever-

greens searching for cunning bruin. According to official statements, this nonagenarian holds a record in Canada for having captured the greatest number of bears. He now has to his credit more than one hundred fifteen black and brown bears. The thrilling adventures and the interesting tales he relates are weird and sensational.

As fish are lured to the hooks by bait so are the bear lured to the traps. Anyone who has observed a bear dancing on the street for the amusement of children knows that he is fond of peanuts and sweets. The trapper selects a secluded spot in the woods where bears from time to time may come for food or drink. The trap is set, covered with leaves, and then fastened to a tree. When the bear trapper completes this task, he deposits bacon, sugar, or honey in a runway perhaps a mile or two from the trap and returns home. In a few days he returns and leaves more food or sweets nearer the trap. Sometimes it requires months to lure a bear to the trap in this way.

The hemlocks that grow by the thousand in the evergreen forest hold a special interest because the feeding ground of the porcupine is usually found among a clump of these trees. Fungous growths, bark, and young twigs furnish an appetizing meal to this slow-footed and dull-witted animal.

Early in the morning or late in the afternoon this little vegetarian may be seen scrambling clumsily about among the branches of the hemlock. Because of his small obtuse head and short legs, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish him from the knots and fungus.

Every boy knows a porcupine, for on his head, fore quarters, and under surface are sharp spines, while on his hind quarters are longer quills resembling needles. Since these sharp spines are loosely attached to the skin and come out readily, some children believe that the porcupine can throw them at an enemy.

The noblest creature of the Nova Scotian forest is the moose, often called the "Monarch of the Wild." The name is an Algonquian Indian word, meaning "cropper," or "trimmer," from the animal's habit of feeding or browsing on the branches of hardwood trees; the tender, red twigs of young maple being especially relished by him. The antlers of the moose attain a spread of forty to sixty inches. From hoof to shoulder he measures about five and a half feet, and weighs seven to eight hundred pounds.

The Indian guides employed by the hunter were very skillful in imitating the call of the cow moose. During the legal hunting season these "gallant roamers of the woods" were lured to their destruction. The Indian obtained a megaphone made from birch bark. On a still and windless morning or evening, he selected some point of vantage commanding as many probable avenues of approach as possible. Usually, the spot chosen lay near a browsing field or a spring. Raising his horn the guide gave the almost indescribable call of the female moose. Over the wooded hills and across the fresh-water lakes the *b-y-y—y—uh! b-y-y—y—uh-!* was echoed and re-echoed. The wailing call fell on responsive ears, for in the distance the "King of the Forest" answered. Presently the giant

monarch crashing through the leafy green, approached the scene too late to learn of his mistake. Occasionally, two or more bull moose responded to the imitation call of the guide and staged a real fight in the presence of the hunters.

Just prior to the beginning of winter the bull moose sheds his branching antlers which he has worn so proudly. Immediately he becomes less belligerent. Throughout the long, cold winter the moose collect in sheltered spots of the dense woods. Here they spend the entire winter in perfect harmony and contentment. In the early spring months the calves are born. From the tiny and soft button-like substances on the bull calf's head sprouts a mushroom growth of fuzzy prongs which slowly develop into the battle antlers.

The "Monarch of the Forest" has been the subject of much attention from both author and artist. Artists have painted him; authors have written about him; poets have mentioned him in verse; and scores have hunted him in the forest of the *Land of Evangeline.*

Though Virginia deer are abundant over the same range as the moose, and the caribou roam the barrens, yet their importance as game is small compared with that of the moose. On account of the long, cold winters and inadequate game laws, these animals are diminishing in numbers.

CHAPTER V

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Name the wild animals that live in the forests of Nova Scotia.

2. How did the Indians catch the fish and the wild game?
3. Where did the early Acadians get their fish?
4. A salmon can live in either salt or fresh water. How do you explain this?
5. Explain, by diagram or otherwise, a "salmon ladder."
6. Mention the names of several evergreen trees that grow in the forests.
7. Describe a trip through the Basin of Minas. You notice wild ducks and geese by thousands; on the turbulent tides you see sportsmen trying to shoot some of them; and on the shores you observe a few moose.
8. Would you consider David Costley a hero? Name several methods used in trapping bear.
9. Does the porcupine ever eat the flesh of animals?
10. Can you explain the reason for making a law to prohibit the "calling of moose"?

CHAPTER VI

DYKES

ONE pictures a dyke as an embankment of earth which keeps the sea from flooding the land. In different parts of the world other names are used but in the same sense. Thus a levee is an embankment along the Mississippi River; and a jetty is an embankment which projects into the sea. Sometimes the jetty is used to protect a harbor and again it may serve as a pier or dock for vessels.

Long before the molten rock and lava from Vesuvius destroyed the City of Pompeii, dykes were used by both the Romans and the Greeks. Pliny, the Elder, has given the world a vivid picture of the mounds of earth which were used during the floods. The peasants of Batavia at the mouth of the River Rhine built enormous dykes to protect themselves. In northern France, Holland, and along the northern coast of Germany, dykes offer protection to thousands of people.

Old documents, preserved in the museums, mention laws that governed the building and repairing of dykes. The Ordinance of 1743 of the Duchy of Bremen contains a complete list of the requirements.

DYKES

"Dykes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant"

In order to protect the country adjacent to the Mississippi River from floods, the American Government has assisted the neighboring states in building levees. The present length of the levees is over fourteen hundred miles. These embankments protect an area of about thirty thousand square miles of territory.

The Prussian Province of Hanover contains a system of dykes which extends a length of over six hundred fifty miles. These dykes protect about eight hundred thousand acres of tillable land. Along the important rivers of Europe are found modern dykes. The dykes along the River Po are three hundred fifty miles long and protect nine hundred thousand acres; in England dykes protect about two million acres; and in Holland over one million acres of land.

When the French came to Acadia, they found the evergreen forest and the vast stretches of marshland.

AN OLD FRENCH DYKE

Built by the Acadians over two hundred years ago

It was necessary for them to build homes at once and to prepare a portion of land for the cultivation of crops. For them it was natural to secure tillable farms in the easiest and quickest way. They realized, too, that it would require a great amount of labor and time to clear the forest for farming purposes. Since many of the French were familiar with the European methods of dyke building, they voted to reclaim the waste marshlands at once.

From their experience in Europe they learned that these marshlands were composed of rich alluvial soil. For centuries the nineteen rivers flowing into the Basin of Minas brought vast quantities of silt which was deposited along the muddy banks. The reclaiming of the marshlands assured the Acadians an abun-

dance of crops which would compensate them for their arduous labor.

Simultaneously, on the rivers Avon and Gaspereau, and on the Cornwallis, the Acadians began their extensive operations. In time two thousand acres on the Great Meadow were dyked. Owing to their small numbers the Acadians were compelled to dyke in small portions at a time. Embankments resembling the cells of a honeycomb were thrown up. As their population increased, the Acadians made further progress. Practical science, marvelous skill, and concerted effort made it possible to install sluices in the muddy beds of the small rivers or creeks. The sluices allowed fresh water from the inclosure to escape and prevented the high tides from flooding the drained portions.

The methods employed by the Acadians in constructing the dykes were unique. From the forest primeval they secured large numbers of evergreen trees which were dug out by their roots. When the peasants decided upon the course of the dykes, they proceeded at low tide to plant from four to six rows of the trees across the channel. Between the rows the laborers placed other trees with their boughs lengthwise to a height of four to eight feet. The empty spaces between the trees were filled with mud and clay. Every dyke possessed a floodgate, which the Acadians called in their tongue "un esseau." Automatically this device allowed the fresh water to flow out at low tide but prevented the salt water from entering at high tide.

After the deportation of the Acadians in 1755, the

dykes were partially destroyed by the winds, frosts, and waves. When the new settlers from the New England States arrived in 1760, they began to repair the dykes, and at the same time they extended them. Along the shores near Grand-Pré—

> "Vast meadows stretched to the Eastward,
> Giving the village its name, and pasture to
> flocks without number."

Longfellow in these lines has presented a vivid picture of the dykelands. There are thousands of acres of these "vast meadows" valued at more than a million dollars.

On the Cornwallis and Canard rivers, and at Grand-Pré are to be found traces of these old dykes. Although these primitive dykes are still visible, the disturbing forces of nature during the past century and a half have rendered them almost useless and unnoticeable. The farmers drive over portions of them with hay wagons without difficulty. As a result of erosion, the farmers of the village of Grand-Pré and vicinity will in a few decades fail to find the traces of the labors of the Acadians.

The farmers do not construct dwellings on the dykelands. However, there are a score of frail barns which hold the hay from the rich meadows. In the past the surging waves have broken the embankments and flooded the reclaimed lands. Realizing the destructive force of the sea, the farmers have never built houses on these lands.

While Judge Haliburton was compiling the history

of the Acadian people, the high tides demolished portions of the dykes and flooded the meadows. As sea water destroys vegetation, years were required to restore the dykes and meadows to their former usefulness.

There are people living in Grand-Pré who remember the famous Saxby Tide of 1869, which destroyed the dykes and flooded the meadows. Sheep and cattle without number drowned; barns filled with hay floated out to sea; and roads and fences destroyed. A generation passed before the former productive power of the alluvial meadows was fully restored.

On every dyke and in the recesses of every "honeycomb cell" of meadows are tales bright with memories of the early settlers of the *Land of Evangeline.* The people of the globe look upon these shores reverently. Still are the fragrant orchards and the wooded slopes exquisitely beautiful and awe-inspiring; still are its meadows purple and gold, and its tides blue and green as when the "simple Acadian farmers dwelt together in the love of God and of man."

CHAPTER VI

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Distinguish between dyke, levee, and jetty.
2. How many centuries do you think dykes have been in use?
3. Why did the Acadians decide to build dykes?
4. Imagine that you were present when these pioneers constructed the first dyke. Write a letter to a friend describing the methods that were used by the Acadians.
5. In the Grand-Pré regions there are several thousand acres of

dykelands. The author observed that the farmers do not build their houses on these fertile fields. Why is this?

6. When the famous Saxby Tide broke the dykes and flooded the meadows, vegetation was practically destroyed. Why does salt water destroy grass?
7. Many dykes have flood-gates. During a long dry season would it be a good idea to open the flood-gates and water the meadows? A number of visitors to this region believe that it is done.
8. How did the Acadians acquire a knowledge of dyke-building?
9. Read in your Geography about the dykes of Holland and Northern France.
10. Explain the following: "On every dyke and in the recesses of every 'honey-combed cell' of meadow are tales bright with memories of the early settlers of the *Land of Evangeline.*"

CHAPTER VII

CAPE BLOMIDON

"And away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended."

CAPE BLOMIDON, the majestic sentinel of the *Land of Evangeline*, is the terminus of North Mountain. This range extends in a northeasterly direction from Annapolis Royal to the Minas Channel. Occasionally veiled in mists from the Bay of Fundy and quaintly covered with evergreens, this single mountain range is a paradise for the tourist. The country on both sides is unsurpassed for its natural scenery. At the base of the mountain are undulating hills which are cultivated by the farmers. To the south and east lies the famous Annapolis Valley, noted for its apple orchards. In the softened distance, orchards, cultivated fields, hills, and dales present a beautiful charm.

Wandering along the enchanting ridge, the traveler arrives at the "Lookoff." Immediately the power

CAPE BLOMIDON

"And away to the northward Blomidon rose"

of the eternal seizes him. From this height which appears to be the roof of the world, the view is unique. At the base of the mountain are scores of farms where the orchards and dwellings appear as knights or pawns on a huge chessboard. Far below in deepest blue lies the Basin of Minas. Close to the shore and across the Basin in the shade of pines and hemlocks lies the summer playland of Evangeline's country—*Evangeline Beach.* To the right a silvery stream winds through the meadows. The grassy plains dotted with trees and buildings extend beyond the dim horizon. Softly silhouetted against the blue sky rises the village of Grand-Pré with its memorials. From this point among the evergreens the spectator on a clear day can distinguish objects ninety miles away. Hamlets in five different counties may be seen. The panorama

THE LŌOKOFF

"Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them"

viewed from the "Lookoff" leaves an indelible impression upon the mind.

On the other side of this topmost pinnacle, the tourist gazes upon a beautiful stretch of land covered with green grass and dotted with wild flowers of exceptional beauty. On the slopes grow stately pines and firs. This enchanted spot, surrounded by evergreens and boulders, reminds one of the many glacial parks made by the Creator in the Rocky Mountains.

Looking to the west from this lofty summit the Bay of Fundy appears pale blue in the sunlight. Beyond the Bay one can see distinctly the wooded slopes above the shore line in New Brunswick.

From here let us wander along the country road which is lined with towering evergreen trees. It is

CAPE BLOMIDON

"Where Blomidon, a sentry grim his endless watch doth keep"

impossible to avoid the companionship of the firs and spruces. Presently the road passes a small encampment of Micmac Indians. Living in their birch-bark wigwams, as did their ancestors centuries ago, they are busily engaged in making baskets and ornaments which they sell to the traveler.

Fringed with trees and more than five hundred feet above the deep blue water of the Basin of Minas rises Cape Blomidon. The view from the summit of the wooded Cape is strikingly beautiful. In the distance the colors of the sea and sky seem to blend. The rocks at the base of the cliff glisten in the sunlight. The great distance makes the little village of Grand-Pré charming, dainty, and mellow. Appar-

VIEW FROM CAPE BLOMIDON

At the summit of Blomidon looking towards Grand-Pré upon the gardens of Nova Scotia

ently a short distance away, but in reality fourteen miles, Evangeline Beach is spread out in one long, silvery line. The irregular shore line of the Basin of Minas, fashioned by the waves, seems to wind through a labyrinth of green and purple marshlands.

Across the Basin the Gaspereau River emerges from the woodland. It was at this very point the Acadians, in 1755, were placed on British vessels by General Winslow. From this place they sailed out through the Basin, past Cape Blomidon, to the Bay of Fundy, and thence to other shores.

The base of the cape is bedecked with beautiful stones and shells. Along the shore lines are rocks composed of quartz, calcite, and copper. In the past

CAPE BLOMIDON

The tide-swept and wind-swept sandstone bluffs at Blomidon

large quantities of amethyst have been found. Amethyst is a clear purple or bluish-violet stone. Sometimes it is called "violet quartz." During the spring of the year souvenir hunters obtain pieces in veins or geodes. Nearly every resident in the *Land of Evangeline* possesses specimens of beautiful amethyst.

An Indian chief told the writer that the word "Blomidon" was derived from an expression, "Blow-me-down." Apparently, one of the first English settlers used this expression after he was blown down by a gale on this rugged cape; hence the English name "Blomidon." In the Micmac language the Indians called Blomidon "Glooscap-week" or "Glooscap's home."

Among the primitive Micmacs, Glooscap was a

most remarkable personage. In their cherished tradition he is their "Great Spirit." For ages he has been the principal object of worship. In personal appearance Glooscap resembled the other Indians of North America. Not only did he look like them, but he also lived in a similar manner. This "Great Spirit"—the personification of perfection—ate, drank, smoked, danced, and slept with them.

Being a "Spirit," Glooscap had no family. However, two interesting characters lived in his huge wigwam on the summit of Cape Blomidon. One was an old lady whom he called "Grandmother," and who kept house for him; the other was a bright little boy named Martin, who helped him considerably with his work.

As Glooscap was very hospitable, friends visited him frequently. In case the supply of fish and corn became low, he would cause the food to increase immediately. The elements of nature seemed to be under his control. Some of the marvelous things attributed to him are: bringing hot or cold weather, calming the rough water, supplying the Indians with an abundance of moose and caribou, and making people well and happy.

This Indian personage selected the Basin of Minas for his beaver pond. At Cape Split he constructed a mammoth dam. Later, in order to allow ships to navigate in the Basin, he opened the beaver dam. The Indians called this "Pleegum," which in their language means "an opening in a beaver dam." Spencer's Island was his kettle; the two large rocks,

resembling hounds seated on their haunches, adjacent to the kettle, were originally his dogs.

After the white people arrived, Glooscap became offended; he objected to the encroachment of the new race. When they cut down forests, destroying the hunting grounds, Glooscap became sad and wrathful.

That the whites wished to exclude Glooscap from this section is seen by their attempts to kill his little servant, Martin. A large gun was loaded, and Martin was persuaded to pass in front of it. After the explosion, Martin sat quietly on the cannon smoking his tiny clay pipe. Being angry at this unexplained magical trick, the soldiers reloaded the gun and placed Martin in the barrel. This time they expected he would be blown to atoms. When the smoke lifted after the report, the artillerymen observed Martin unhurt in the muzzle of the gun, puffing away at his pipe.

When Glooscap heard of the unsuccessful attempt to take the life of little Martin, he became very angry and immediately left Cape Blomidon. As he departed, the "Great Spirit" turned the kettle over and changed his faithful dogs into stone.

Even to this day the Indians believe that Glooscap still exists. Some day they expect him to return to the land of his birth, and smoke the pipe of peace with all the inhabitants of the *Land of Evangeline.* As he sails up the channel through Cape Split, he will restore to life his two dogs, the faithful sentinels who have kept watch continuously for centuries.

CHAPTER VII

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Describe the view from Cape Blomidon.
2. What is the origin of the word "Blomidon"?
3. In what way does Cape Blomidon guard the Basin of Minas?
4. What is meant by the playland of Evangeline's country?
5. Assume that you are standing on the summit of this "Majestic Sentinel." Trace the route that the exiles followed from the mouth of the Gaspereau to the Bay of Fundy.
6. Find out all you can about "amethyst," and report orally to your class.
7. Perhaps you have heard a story about Glooscap that has not been printed. If so, tell it to the class.
8. Describe or dramatize an interview with Glooscap, keeping in mind the fact that he was displeased at the arrival of the Acadians.
9. What is meant by the "kettle and the dogs"?
10. Why were the English soldiers unable to take the life of Martin?

CHAPTER VIII

TIDES

"Dykes that the hands of the farmers had raised
with labor incessant
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated sea-
sons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will
o'er the meadows."

EVERY year travelers from all parts of the world come to the *Land of Evangeline* to see the wonderful tides which rise from forty to seventy feet in height. Artists have painted pictures of the tides; poets have described this great phenomenon; authors have written about them; scientists have endeavored to utilize these tremendous forces to generate electricity; fishermen have employed them to catch vast quantities of fish; and the Indians have told tales about the "turbulent" tides.

Since the advent of man tides have been a source of wonder. The ancients could not account for the daily rise and fall of the water in certain bays, straits, estuaries, and creeks. The phenomenon of the tides remained unexplained until Sir Isaac Newton advanced his theory which was accepted by prominent

HIGH TIDE

The tides rise to a great height in the Basin of Minas

LOW TIDE

The same place six hours later

scientists. He proposed the theory that tides are caused by the gravitation of the sun and moon.

When the tide goes out, there are vast stretches of waste land. In many localities the waters recede a mile or more. Gleaming in the sunlight are beautiful specimens of rock, seaweed, and shells. Large quantities of bladder wrack and seaweed are floated in with the surf and left upon the land.

When Cabot, Cartier, and Champlain returned to Europe after their famous explorations in the western hemisphere, they spoke about the high tides in Acadia, now Nova Scotia. The scientists of their day were baffled at the causes of these tremendous tides, and it was some years later before intelligent opinions were advanced.

> "And in haste the refluent ocean
> Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
> Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp, and the slippery seaweed."
>
> ANON.

Dulse and kelp from the Bay of Fundy are deposited on the beaches. The dulse has a reddish-brown, leathery appearance, and is used as an edible by some of the natives. This seaweed is found in other parts of the world. In Greenland and Iceland the Eskimos gather the weed and store it in large casks. When their supply of food becomes low, they eat the dulse with great relish.

Not much kelp is found in this section. A number of years ago kelp was used in the manufacture of glass

and soap. To-day, from the alkali of kelp, iodine is obtained, which physicians use in their practice.

Within a few miles of Grand-Pré lies a strip of land called Boot Island. The Micmac Indians called this portion of land which originally resembled a boot, "Caydy-bunny-gek." In their language this long word meant "clam diggings." Many of the older residents of the present village of Grand-Pré remember the time when Boot Island was separated from the mainland by a very narrow channel. In fact it was so narrow that a broad jumper would have no difficulty in leaping across. By the action of the tides a channel two hundred yards wide separates this almost inaccessible island from the mainland. At low tide the Indians came to dig clams which they considered a great treat. The clams which are found in great abundance to-day are used by the inhabitants for food.

After the waters now known as the Bay of Fundy were first navigated, Portuguese geographers drew maps of the shores. Those early map makers called the body of water, in their language, "Baya Fonda," which means "Deep Bay." If the reader will carefully examine a map of the Bay of Fundy, he will find that this body of water is funnel-shaped. As the advancing wave enters the "Bay," it is obvious that the momentum of the tide pushes or forces the water back into the various channels and straits. Thus the momentum of the advancing wave and the contracting coast lines force the water higher and higher, completely filling the tidal rivers and channels. As the

depth of water increases and the channel narrows, the flowing water becomes swifter and swifter.

From Cape Sable, the rushing water passes through the Sea Islands and Bald Tuskets very rapidly. Since the Islands act as an impediment, the rate is increased quite perceptibly. Following the coast line the wave flows past Cape Saint Mary and thence in the direction of Brier Island. At this place the Bay becomes narrower; hence, this turbulent body of water proceeds with great rapidity until the Chignecto and the Basin of Minas with its nineteen tidal rivers are completely filled.

A tidal bore is a sudden influx of the tide into the estuary of a river. The incoming tide usually rises to a height of several feet and proceeds like a huge wall. In Asia, the Ganges and Indus are noted for their tidal bores; in Brazil, the inflowing water of the mouth of the Amazon rises twelve feet; and the bores in the rivers Severn, Trent, and Solway are noteworthy. In China, the bore in the Yen Tsi Chiang is noted for its swiftness.

But the bores in the waters of the *Land of Evangeline* are remarkable for both height and swiftness. On the Petitcodiac River this wave of advancing water often attains a height of twelve feet. Resembling the roar of Niagara Falls, the wave moves forwards at a velocity of ten to twelve miles an hour.

In exploring the Basin of Minas the writer observed an interesting phenomenon at Boot Island. When the tide recedes, the island joins the mainland. Only at low tide can the farmers enter or leave the

THE GREAT TIDAL BORE
The incoming water often attains a height of many feet

island. As the tide comes in, it enters the channel surrounding the island from both the eastern and western extremities. At the same time, near the southern extremity of the island, these two separate incoming waves meet at a place in the deep channel called the "Guzzle." Within a brief space of time the water rises several feet. Tourists on the island are cautioned to return to the mainland, when they notice a change in the tide. Whenever travelers fail to heed this warning, it will be necessary for them to wait twelve hours on this forsaken stretch of marshland for the next low tide.

The shores of the Basin of Minas present every day in the year two different aspects. When the tide is out, the vast stretches of beaches, with their mud, sand, rock, and débris, remind one of a city that has been laid waste by a gigantic tidal wave. The docks, on high and dry land miles from the water, and vessels of all kinds lying on their sides upon the muddy sea bottom, are typical scenes along the shores. When the tide comes in, a magical change is noted. The surging sea covers the vast stretches of marshlands; and the ships are seen riding at anchor or sailing to their respective ports.

Recently engineers conceived the idea of utilizing the tides to generate electricity. A number of schemes are now being developed. The scientists have so much confidence in their plans, it is probable that before the end of the present decade, sufficient electricity will be generated by the tides to furnish light, heat, and power for all the people in the province.

CHAPTER VIII

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. What causes the rise and fall of the water which we call "tides"?
2. Examine a map of the Bay of Fundy. What is the shape of the Bay?
3. What causes the high tides?
4. Imagine that you are visiting the beach at the Basin of Minas just as the tide comes in. Tell about your experience.
5. Visitors to the *Land of Evangeline* wonder why the people do not harness the tides. They believe that a great deal of electricity could be generated in this way. Can you think of a scheme whereby this could be done?
6. Account for the fact that the word "Guzzle" does not appear in our Histories or Geographies.
7. A woman went over Niagara Falls in a barrel; Captain Webb swam across the Niagara Gorge; and swimmers have crossed the English Channel. Have you ever heard of a swimmer who attempted to swim through a "tidal bore"?
8. Imagine that you visit Boot Island when the tide is out. Presently the tide comes in so swiftly that you are forced to spend twelve long hours on this lonesome island. Write a letter to a friend describing your experiences.
9. Explain the construction of a "weir."
10. Give arguments for or against the use of weirs.

CHAPTER IX

AMERICAN HISTORY IN THE LAND OF EVANGELINE

THE RAID OF COLONEL CHURCH

THE people of the New World rejoiced when the Treaty of Ryswick was signed. However, this peace was soon broken in Europe by the Great War of the Spanish Succession. In your study of history you have learned that a war in Europe brought war in the Colonies.

Due to this European War, the inhabitants of the New England States lived in a continuous frenzy of fear from the attacks of the foe. The New Englanders were acquainted with the cruel methods of the insidious Vandreuil, the Governor-General of New France, who hired Indians to massacre the English colonists and ordered his troops to decimate the settlers.

Colonel Benjamin Church asked the Colonists to adopt measures of retaliation. This brave Indian fighter urged the militia to attack the French in Acadia. These methods, Colonel Church believed, would lessen the danger of an attack from the French.

On several occasions Colonel Church successfully routed the Indians. In 1696, he burned and pillaged a score of French settlements. This American leader

The Historic and Fruitful Valley of the Gaspereau

was given full command of the armed force to attack the French in Acadia.

In May, 1704, he secured two gunboats, fourteen transports, thirty-six whaleboats, and a shallop. About six hundred men offered their services. This armed squadron left Boston and a few days later arrived in the Basin of Port Royal (now Annapolis Royal). Some of the men remained in port with a few of the vessels, while Colonel Church proceeded to Minas to attack the unprotected settlements. Passing along the coast he burned and pillaged a number of French towns, killing or imprisoning the inhabitants. He burned the dwellings at Minas, killed the cattle and horses, and destroyed the dykes which allowed the tides to flood the marshlands.

The expedition of Colonel Church was marked by desolation and ruin. In Massachusetts the people

thought that the raid of the Americans was not successful. One French writer describes the Colonel as energetic, impetuous, and fat. In fact he was so corpulent that a sturdy sergeant usually accompanied him to assist him over rocks and fallen trees. Although he was branded as a coward, the government gave him a vote of thanks for his achievements.

THE FALL OF NOBLE AT GRAND-PRÉ

Annapolis Royal remained in the possession of the English. The Canadian Governor, Marquis de Beaucharnois, urged his officers to recover Acadia. M. de Ramesay marched with a force of six hundred men to arouse the Acadians to attack the English stationed at Fort Anne.

The ignorant Indians rejoiced at their invitation to join the French troops. Three hundred Malecite Indian warriors offered their services; later a larger number of Micmacs entered the army of the noted leaders, St. Pierre and Marin.

Finally Ramesay arrived at Annapolis Royal with a force of seven hundred weary fighters. When he learned that Fort Anne had been strengthened, he decided to retire. In the meantime, France had sent a large fleet to these waters. However, as a result of fire, storm, and plague, the squadron was rendered useless.

Conscious of the grave situation, Mascarene, the commander of Annapolis Royal, asked help from Governor Shirley of the State of Massachusetts. The English authorities desired troops to be placed at

Grand-Pré to guard the Isthmus. The energetic Governor acted immediately. Colonel Arthur Noble was given the command to raise a small force of volunteers.

The people of New England did not want to lose their foothold in Acadia. If the French conquered the maritime province, they would eventually menace the New England inhabitants.

Records show that Colonel Noble was born in Enniskillen, a Scotch settlement of Ireland. With his brothers, James and Francis, he arrived at Boston, in 1720, to make his home in America. On the banks of the Kennebec he made a large fortune by trading and farming.

In the month of December, Colonel Noble landed on the ice-covered shores of the Bay of Fundy near Annapolis Royal. With his small army of five hundred men, he proceeded to march through the Annapolis valley to the Grand-Pré district. Dense forests, unbridged streams, snow-covered fields, zero weather, and dangers of attack from savages made this journey a perilous hardship. After a period of eight days his small army arrived at Grand-Pré.

On account of the frozen ground, the plan of constructing a blockhouse was given up. Instead, the soldiers were housed by the inhabitants. In this village the armed force prepared to spend the cold winter. Early in the spring, when the ice and snow melted, Noble planned to attack the French at Beaubassin near Chignecto Bay.

The French at Pizequid gave the fearless Ramesay information relative to Noble and his men. On ac-

count of an injury to his knee Ramesay appointed Captain Coulon de Villiers to take command of the French force. This small army contained less than two hundred fifty men and a score of Indians.

After a march of four days, Coulon and his men, equipped with snowshoes, reached the outskirts of Grand-Pré. Here they received authentic information about Noble and his men. Upon the ground lay a blanket of snow three feet deep. For hours the snow had been falling. At two o'clock in the morning during the heavy snowstorm, de Villiers began a systematic attack upon the sleeping Americans.

Colonel Noble, his brother, Ensign Noble, four officers, and seventy non-commissioned officers and soldiers met death struggling against the invisible enemy in the darkness. Noble was given an opportunity to surrender, but he refused. This gallant and intrepid soldier of New England preferred death and destruction to surrender.

In a lonely orchard near the Grand-Pré Post Office, between two old apple trees, Colonel Arthur Noble and his faithful brother, Ensign Noble, lie to-day. Years ago, a wooden sign, nailed to the fence, marked the spot. To-day the tourist has difficulty in finding the grassy mound where lie the remains of the famous brothers from New England.

Farther down the road and near the Grand-Pré Station is the unmarked trench where the seventy brave soldiers lie. Few of the residents can locate the historic place. Time and elements may eradicate the resting place of these immortal heroes; but their

achievements, sacrifices, and heroism have been indelibly recorded upon the pages of American History.

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

From the study of American History, you are familiar with the story of the Revolutionary War. This war was carried to the shores of Nova Scotia.

News of the Stamp Act, the Boston Tea Party, and the demonstration at Bowling Green, New York, reached the ears of the Nova Scotians. Presently, an ultimatum was received from the Colonies demanding them to ally themselves with America for the cause of freedom and liberation from England.

In this ultimatum the Nova Scotians saw a new danger and a grave peril. Not the lurking Indian, but brothers of the same Saxon blood, speaking the same language, were to oppose them in a horrible war.

After the deportation of the Acadians in 1755, Great Britain had offered attractive inducements for settling in Acadia to scores of farmers in the New England States. As these new inhabitants accepted this offer in good faith and swore allegiance to the King, they felt they should be true to their country.

When the Nova Scotians found out that the Colonists were really preparing for war with Britain, they began building forts, strengthening old Fort Anne at Annapolis Royal, and developing a strong militia. From the City of Halifax, in 1775, cannon were sent to replace the obsolete and unfit guns. Farmers throughout the province were dispatched to

build and improve the roads for military purposes. Others were employed in the shipyards to prepare fighting craft. To safeguard the lives of the people and to protect their property, the government placed a sloop of war in the Bay of Fundy between Annapolis and St. John.

After the war demonstrations in and about Boston, Colonial soldiers immediately fortified Machias. When this fortification was completed, the infantry attacked Fort Frederick on the St. John River with success. Enthusiastic over their results, soldiers in civilian clothes visited Port Royal to learn about the strength or weakness of Fort Anne.

When the inhabitants of Nova Scotia learned of the enemy's presence across the Bay of Fundy, great anxiety and excitement prevailed. Stories were circulated among the people that an invading army would take their country and reduce them to poverty.

After several years of waiting the Colonists made their attack. During the night of the twenty-eighth of August, 1781, two private vessels carrying twenty-two mounted cannon entered Annapolis Basin. Before dawn the two ships anchored near the old fort. Leaving the sailing craft, the large crews with plenty of ammunition and guns dashed towards the arsenal where the guards and soldiers were sleeping. Seizing the sentries at the sally-port and blockhouse the crews entered the barracks and captured the sleeping soldiers. The details of the attack were carried out so well that the inhabitants did not hear of their presence until they were surrounded by the Colonists dur-

ing the early morning hours. Within a short space of time, all men and boys capable of bearing arms were marched to the fort and placed under guards. Immediately the privateersmen proceeded to search the town. When the cannon in and about the fort were dismantled, the crews departed. This surprise caused considerable alarm throughout the province.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS ENTER NOVA SCOTIA FROM AMERICA

Throughout the Revolutionary War there were in the American Colonies hundreds of men and women who favored yielding to Great Britain. Having been born and reared under the British flag, these Colonists felt they could not ally themselves with any other cause. Consequently, the name "Tory" was applied to them.

When the War of the Revolution came to an end, resulting in a victory for the Colonies and the establishment of the American Republic, the Tories believed they could not conscientiously live under the Stars and Stripes. Hence, many of them migrated to Nova Scotia. Even before Cornwallis surrendered, these Loyalists arrived at Annapolis Royal to escape the hardships caused by the war.

Within a few months the Loyalists increased the population of Annapolis Royal over six thousand. To house this large population, to feed them, and to care for the aged and infirm required great thought on the part of the Nova Scotians. The barracks, block-house, church, and private dwellings were occupied by the

Loyalists. The people of Annapolis Royal believed that it was their religious and patriotic duty to care for these strangers until the government could adequately house them.

COLONEL JOHN WINSLOW

Colonel John Winslow was an American by birth. Reared on a farm in New England, he had little opportunity to attend school. He lived at a time when farming and war were the principal occupations. The Indians made frequent attacks upon the settlers, and the French fought stubbornly to add to their territories. Consequently, John Winslow became a soldier and eventually a leader in the army. His courage, zeal, and determination paved the way for him to be selected governor of the Plymouth Colony.

When his term of office expired as governor, he retired to his Marshfield farm, but continued to serve his country as a soldier. On account of his splendid judgment and great vision, the political leaders of New England turned to him for military advice.

> "Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal."

French troops had built strong forts at Beau Séjour. The New Englanders realized that from this strategic position the French army could sweep down upon them and massacre the Colonists. Immediately, Governor Shirley of Massachusetts ordered John Winslow to report, and at the conference he was made

a lieutenant colonel. This great soldier at once raised a battalion composed of men from all classes of life. In it were farmers, fishermen, shopkeepers, and various tradesmen, and the forts soon fell into their hands.

As a result of his successful attack on Beau Séjour, Colonel Winslow was asked to deport the French Acadians. At Annapolis Royal, Major Handfield had charge of the British forces. Governor Lawrence informed him that adequate transports from Boston would carry one thousand persons into exile. It was agreed that three hundred Acadians would be sent to Philadelphia, an equal number to Connecticut, and two hundred to New York and Boston. Records show that the following ships were under the command of Colonel Winslow: *Hopson,* the sloops *Sarah* and *Molly, Dolphin, Hannah, Three Friends,* and *Swan.*

THE WAR OF 1812-1814

President James Madison was authorized by Congress to issue a proclamation declaring war against Great Britain. England was charged with such offenses as: Impressment of American sailors; patrolling the Atlantic coast with armed ships; searching merchant vessels on the high seas; and encouraging the Indians on the plains west of the Allegheny Mountains to attack new settlers.

The statesmen in Congress favored attacking Canada. Three generals with their armies set out on this expedition. General William Hull surrendered to the British at Detroit; General Stephen Van Rensse-

laer failed at Queenstown near Niagara Falls; and General Henry Dearborn withdrew from Quebec, when he learned of the defeats of Hull and Van Rensselaer.

Although the Americans lost on land, they won a number of naval victories. On August nineteenth, 1812, Captain Isaac Hull, a nephew of General Hull, commanded the frigate *Constitution.* As this vessel was cruising off the coast of Nova Scotia, it encountered the armed frigate *Guerrière,* manned by British sailors. Within less than an hour the *Guerrière* began to sink.

This first naval victory created considerable enthusiasm throughout the States. The name of "Old Ironsides" was applied to the *Constitution.* Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote his beautiful patriotic poem, "Old Ironsides," about this ship.

CHAPTER IX

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Appoint a member of your class to make a report on the Treaty of Ryswick.
2. Give a two-minute talk on "Colonel Church."
3. What was the cause of Noble's downfall at Grand-Pré?
4. It took the author several weeks to locate the grave of Colonel Arthur Noble. The sepulchre, covered with grass and débris, is unmarked. Would it not be a good idea for some American society to place a memorial tablet on this sacred spot?
5. Name three causes of the Revolutionary War.
6. Who were the Tories? Why did they come to Nova Scotia?
7. Give some details of the first bloodshed in the Revolutionary War.
8. Try to find out how the name "United Empire Loyalist" originated.
9. Describe the construction of a block-house.
10. Describe the battle of the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière.*

CHAPTER X

LIFE AMONG THE EARLY ACADIANS

THE early Acadians were the direct descendants of a fearless and resolute people in France. From their French ancestors they inherited the desire to work hard and to serve their neighbors.

From across the sea came the report that Acadia, the Land of Plenty, was an attractive place in which to live and to earn a livelihood. The mild climate, exceptional forests, good fishing, and fertile soil induced scores of French to consider establishing a colony in the western paradise. The small sum required for the purchase of a farm and the low cost of ocean transportation made it possible for a number of French peasants to embark for Acadia.

The majority of the first arrivals were farmers from the northern part of France. Being familiar with farming and its various phases they were splendidly equipped to do this kind of work in the New World.

Cereals, such as wheat, barley and oats, were common in France; cabbage, onions, apples, peas and beans grew in abundance. Every peasant owned poultry, swine, horses and cattle. Prior to their departure, arrangements were made with the French Government to ship domestic animals, cereals, and

vegetables to the settlement founded by Pierre du Gast and Sieur de Monts near the Bay of Fundy.

When these new settlers arrived, they were forced to live as the Indians lived. For the first winter they made their abode in wigwams, birch-bark huts, and caves. As soon as there were signs of springtime, such as the return of wild ducks and geese from the southland, plans were made for the homes.

"Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the casement below protected and shaded the doorway."

Like the Pilgrims in New England, they chose the building sites with considerable care and thought. Nearness to springs, sunlight, shelter from storms, and places in the forest which did not require much clearing, influenced the settler in selecting his location.

"Built are the house and barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth."

In order to adapt himself to his new environment, it was necessary for the settler to do many kinds of work. Blacksmithing, carpentry, shoe-making, tan-

ning, teaching, preaching, etc., were the professions which the early settler undertook to follow. The women, aside from the regular routine work of the household, nursed the sick and aided their husbands in the fields.

All pioneers used practically the same method in constructing a log cabin. Without compass or level the carpenter packed the soil firmly for the foundation. Upon this solid earth he laid the floor which was composed of split logs, hewn somewhat smooth and even with an ax or adz. The notched ends of the logs were then placed in a horizontal position, one above the other. The dove-tailed joints were secured by home-made pins or nails.

Before the side walls were completed, spaces were planned for doors and windows. The windows consisted of panes of ordinary wrapping paper greased with tallow or lard. Frequently the windows were equipped with wooden shutters. Leather or withes served as hinges. The doors were made of rough boards hewn from logs. Wooden pins fastened the boards together and leather or vine hinges held the door in place.

Every door was supplied with a lock in the form of a wooden bar. The end of the bar was pivoted on the door; the other end of the stick fell into a wooden socket. Connected with the bar was a leather string which passed through the door. By pulling the string the bar was released from the socket. To lock the door the latch string, as it was called, was withdrawn.

The pioneer's home was incomplete without a fire-

place which was constructed of field stone and clay. During the long, cold winters the blazing logs from this open recess under the chimney furnished all the heat for the cabin. Around the burning coals the entire family on the long, winter evenings gathered for light and heat.

In these single rooms, which were very well kept, entire families lived, ate, and slept. All cooking was done in the fireplace. The furniture consisted of home-made beds, chairs, and tables, yet unquestionably the children of the *Land of Evangeline* were as happy as our people who have every luxury which modern conveniences afford.

> "There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the
> antique plows and the harrows;
> There were the folds for the sheep; and there,
> in his feathered seraglio,
> Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,
> with the selfsame
> Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter."

In the days of Evangeline the farmers knew nothing of the tractor, reaper, separator, mowing machine, and hay rake. Carts or broad-wheeled wains, antique plows, and harrows were practically the only farm implements used by the Acadians. The farmers had wooden forks, rude hoes, scythes, and spades which they made in their own forges. Antiquated methods were employed by the farmers. The scythe and sickle were used to harvest grain and hay; flails and sticks were used to thresh grain and beans. Occasion-

ally oxen and horses were employed to thresh the grain by treading on it in a special room having a hard floor.

Interesting relics are still unearthed throughout the land of the Acadians. When the inhabitants received orders to assemble in the Church of Saint Charles to prepare for the deportation, many of them believed they would eventually return to their homes. With this universal thought in mind the French people placed tools, money, and household utensils in caches, wells, and cellars.

On the farm of John A. Chipman, plowshares, pitchforks, and a vise were found in a large cache. Likewise, souvenir hunters found on the farm of Enoch Collin, chains and plowshares. In the year 1892, the hoof of a cow unearthed in a pasture a French Louis D'Or coin which bore the effigy of Louis XIV of France. Numerous residents of Grand-Pré are proud to exhibit relics which they have found. Practically every farmer has in his possession coins or implements which belonged to the French people at the time of the deportation.

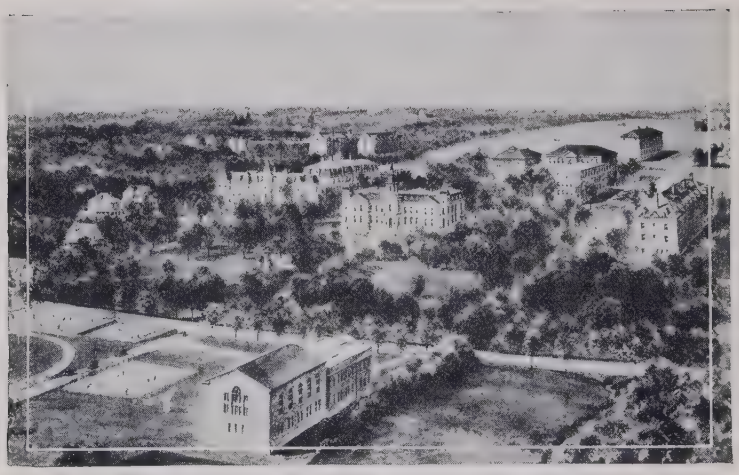
Mr. W. P. Eaton, a pioneer resident of the present village of Grand-Pré, enjoys relating an interesting account of the return of two deported Acadians:

"Soon after the deportation my great-grandfather purchased a large tract of farm land near the village of Minas. A few years after the expulsion he moved to the farm. Within a few rods of the house stood two gigantic oaks whose lofty tops were visible from any part of the neighborhood. One summer morning, at

"Naught but Tradition Remains of the Beautiful Village of Grand-Pré"

the break of day, two strangers were seen digging between the stately oaks. Before he could arrive at the scene, these unknown men had cut through the thick sod, dug a hole over four feet deep, and unearthed a large iron pot. The vessel was so heavy that the two men had difficulty in carrying it away. As the two, with their recovered property, disappeared into the forest, my great-grandfather gave chase but in vain. To his dying day, he always maintained that these two early morning visitors were exiled Acadians who returned for their gold which they had carefully deposited under the roots of these mighty sentinels."

Some authorities relate that the majority of the Acadians were uneducated. It must be remembered that these French settlers belonged to the peasantry in France. Realizing that their education had been



View of Acadia University at Wolfville

neglected in the Old World, they resolved to make it possible to give their children an opportunity to master the fundamentals of the important subjects. The Acadians were conscious of the importance of schools. From their arrival in the New World, they knew that the welfare and prosperity of the colony depended upon the intelligence of its citizens.

The leading citizens of Acadia read with keen interest the educational law in the State of Massachusetts—"that every township shall appoint a schoolteacher within their town to teach all such children as shall resort to him, to write and read." On account of the trouble which eventually led to their expulsion, their plans to pass similar laws in Nova Scotia never materialized. However, parents usually gave some

instruction to their children. As there were no text-books, newspapers, or magazines, the Bible was the chief source of instruction. Frequently, the priest of the Church of Saint Charles taught the children of his parish. Occasionally, a few of the more able farmers employed special tutors to instruct their children. Unfortunately, most of the children did not have an opportunity to attend school.

"Solemnly down the street came the parish
priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he ex-
tended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose
matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affec-
tionate welcome."

As soon as the Colonists established their homes, they immediately constructed churches. Often the church was built first, and around this edifice the farmers erected their log houses.

"Thus dwelt together in love these simple Aca-
dian farmers—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike
were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy,
the vice of republics."

The historic district of Minas contained two active churches—Saint Josephs at Riviere aux Canard, and Saint Charles at Grand-Pré. At the top was a tower or steeple which contained the Angelus or bell. The

Former Site of the Church of Saint Charles
Burned by Winslow, September 5, 1755

church of Saint Charles stood on a short strip of land which was entirely surrounded by water at high tide. Near the church and opposite the present station at Grand-Pré was the cemetery. Within a few feet of the church stood the parish house, the home of the priest.

Writing of the churches at Grand-Pré and Canard, Abbe Casgrain says: "These churches surmounted by graceful spires, their wooden interiors carved with taste, were all in oak, and had cost the people much sacrifice."

Regarding the Church at Grand-Pré, Lady Weatherbe wrote: "The Church of Saint Charles was constructed of wood, similar to other Canadian churches

at that time. All churches were built on the same plan; the belfry tower surmounted by its cross was mauresque in style. Twice daily sounded the Angelus, to which the pious inhabitants responded."

> "Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."

> "For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
> And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
> And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
> Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
> And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
> And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
> And of the marvelous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
> With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village."

From these lines it is obvious that Longfellow believed the early Acadians to be superstitious. Beliefs in apparitions, witchcraft, omens, and charms have been handed down from generation to generation.

In France there were many superstitions. The Acadians brought with them many strange ideas and beliefs. That they believed in superstition is seen from the large number of whims or fancies to which they adhered. The proper time to sow seed, harvest crops, and make soap was determined by the phases

of the moon. Whenever a constellation or comet appeared in the heavens, misfortune was sure to visit the colony. A large majority of the farmers believed in ghosts, goblins, and haunted places. Other superstitions which the Acadians regarded as unlucky were the baking of bread on Sunday; passing a funeral procession; walking under a raised ladder; killing a cat; cutting finger nails on Sunday; displaying peacock feathers in a home; observing the moon, in its first quarter, over the left shoulder; and beginning a new task on Friday.

CHAPTER X

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Select some member of the class to make a report on the following topic: "The Acadians in France."
2. What was there in Nova Scotia that attracted the Acadians?
3. Name several animals and vegetables that were new to the Acadians.
4. Give arguments for or against, "The Acadians were happy."
5. Tell something about the occupations of the early people.
6. Account for the expression, "The latchstring is out for you."
7. State the advancements in machinery since the days of Evangeline.
8. Tell something of the relics that have been found in Grand-Pré.
9. Perhaps some of you have heard stories similar to the one told by Mr. Eaton. If you have, tell one to the class.
10. Mention some of the important characteristics of the Acadians.

CHAPTER XI

EVANGELINE'S BIRTHPLACE

"Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer
the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer
of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, di-
recting his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride
of the village."

THE heroine of Longfellow's poem lived in the village of Grand-Pré. This tiny neighborhood was a part of the section called Minas. According to the records which have been carefully preserved, Minas numbered over four thousand people. On the map of Nova Scotia, you will observe that the Acadians occupied the lands adjacent to the Basin of Minas from Cape Blomidon on the north to the Gaspereau River on the south; and from Avonport on the east to New Minas on the west. In this country were a score or more of little towns. Primitive cemeteries, old willows, and obsolete dykes are the memorials of these people.

During Evangeline's time, the men in summer raised crops on the dykelands and tended their flocks; in winter, they were busily engaged in the forests. Considerable wool, hemp, and flax were produced, and

the women did the carding, weaving, and spinning. Furs from the bear, otter, fox, beaver, caribou, and moose were plentiful. The Acadian women made many kinds of clothing from these skins. Some of the women exchanged these attractive garments with the French or English for utensils or other articles.

The people were fond of church music. The following translation of one of their French hymns shows their intense religious faith:

Long live Jesus!
Long live Jesus!
With the cross his precious burden.
Long live Jesus!
In the hearts of all the faithful.
Cross of his heart, it is the pledge,
Our dearest heritage
Long live Jesus.

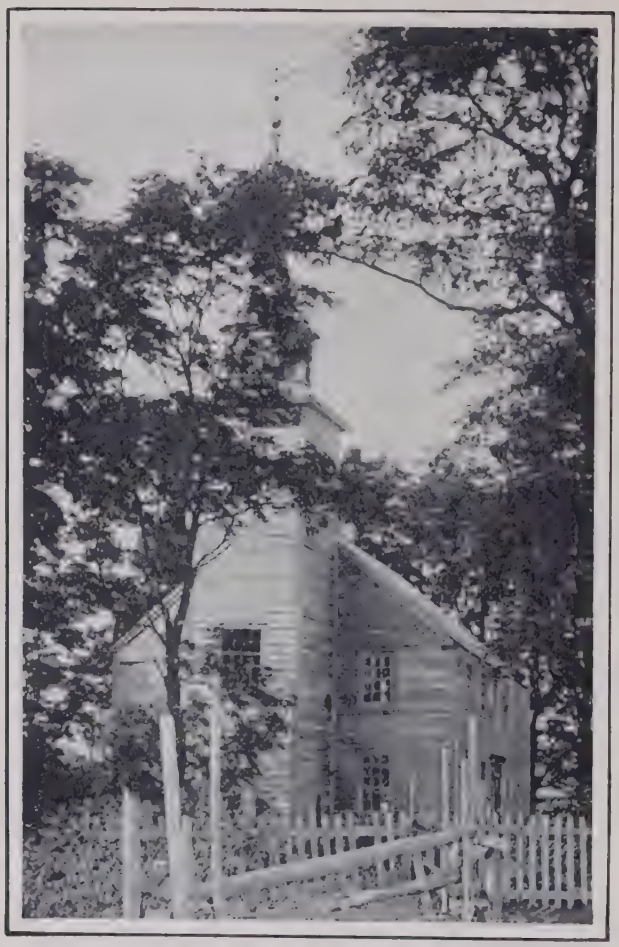
Bearing the cross,
Not of his choice,
Yet without murmur or fatigue,
Bearing the cross . . .
When we adore it, humble and glad,
Hard though the cross and heavy its weight,
Narrow the path and frail the flesh,
Let's bear the cross!

Nestled among the low hills near the terminus of the ridge which separates the mouths of the Gaspereau and Cornwallis rivers lies the present village of Grand-Pré, the birthplace of Evangeline. The homes of the farmers are similar to those found throughout the New England States. Occasionally, one finds a farmhouse built during the latter half of the eight-

eenth century. Numbers of these landmarks have been demolished or remodeled with the passing decades.

> "Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
> Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
> Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment."

Notable among those historic structures is the Old Covenanter's Church, with its ancient sounding board suspended above the pulpit. Built in 1804, the old church stands on a picturesque hill overlooking the dykelands on the north and the Gaspereau Valley on the south. Tourists from far and near visit this sacred shrine. The antique sounding board, the old-fashioned pews, the raised pulpit, and the curious old stoves add quaintness to the charming scene. During the summer months the doors of the edifice remain unlocked. Each group of itinerants improvises its own program. It is not unusual to hear visitors declaiming from the pulpit while their friends sit in the remote parts of the tiny auditorium to catch the weird tones that may emanate from the sounding board; others play selections on the antiquated church organ; and some bow their heads in silent prayer for a moment, but nobody leaves the edifice without participating in the service. The collection plate, being in a conspicuous place, silently invites every transient to leave an offering.



OLD COVENANTER'S CHURCH AT GRAND-PRÉ
Built in 1804

Without, in a grove of noble locusts with their pinnate leaves and tiny white blossoms blowing in the

gentle breeze, sleep countless numbers of the pioneers of Grand-Pré. The cemetery is so old that large trees grow over many of the graves. The tombstones have weathered, and it is almost impossible to decipher names. One old stone bears an inscription in French, the date of which is in the seventeen hundreds. The old wooden church with its lofty spire, and the graceful locust trees that shade the old cemetery, add enchantment to the scene which one never forgets.

In the center of the village stands the old home of Judge Haliburton, Nova Scotia's famous lawyer, historian, and author. During his residence here he collected considerable data relative to the Acadians which he later compiled.

The old Post Road, constructed at least two hundred years ago, forms the principal street of the village. It is crossed from the north at an angle of ninety degrees by several roads which enter from the dykelands. These fields contain four thousand acres, and the prosperity of the surrounding country is due to their unfailing fertility. Great crops of the finest quality, such as hay and grain, are harvested each season. In the early fall, after the fodder is removed, thousands of head of cattle are allowed to graze on the rich meadows.

From the railway station the dykeroad threads its way by the Memorial Park northward, and thence across the fertile dykelands to Long Island. It seems odd and strange to hear the farmers speak of this rolling elevation as an island. This long, narrow strip of land with its rich farms was originally an island.

Years ago the high tides rolling by the eastern and western extremities flooded the marshes, and created an island.

But the sturdy French peasants and later the English who followed them, constructed dykes from the extremities of the island to the mainland. This small area still retains its original name of Long Island. To-day the island is peopled by a score or more of prosperous farmers. In the summer season Evangeline Beach, situated on the north shore of this tract, is a popular place for vacationists. Along the wooded shore are numbers of cottages occupied by people from far and near. Often a silken flag, with its stars and stripes, floats in the gentle breezes beside its neighbor, the Union Jack, and signifies that an American dwells there. The low tide uncovers a broad beach of dull red sand to a distance of almost a mile from the shore. On summer days the sand is warmed by the rays of the sun, so that the waters of the incoming tide are tempered from the extreme chill of the ocean to a degree enjoyed by the bathers. From Evangeline Beach a panorama of unsurpassing beauty and interest is to be enjoyed. Beyond the historic Basin of Minas the visitor notes, "*Where Blomidon, a sentry grim, his endless watch doth keep!*"

On the summit west of the Grand-Pré Post Office a charming scene unfolds itself. At the base of the hill and to the eastward lies the village with its brightly painted farmhouses and barns projecting through the dark green foliage of countless shade trees. Checkered with the fields of green and brown

A Panorama of the Modern Grand-Pré

are the orchards clothed in the pink and green of spring or the scarlet and gold of autumn. Through this scene are the crossing and winding roads of reddish grey or buff, and occasionally the gleam of lofty belfries and towering steeples of churches. To the east the tiny village of Hortonville peers forth. Still farther beyond, the waters of the Gaspereau join with the silver-blue sheen of the Basin, and in the distance the channels of other rivers break the irregular shoreline. Away to the northward Blomidon stands sentinel over the deep blue water of the intervening basin.

At the foot of this slope is Evangeline Memorial Park, flanked and backed by the waving fields of hay and grain on the Grand-Pré dykes. In springtime the wild flowers and fields of white and purple clover

blossoms sweetly perfume the air. In summer the fields are dotted with scores of harvesting machines, and as evening approaches, the dykelands are filled with huge loads of grain destined for the upland farms. In autumn herds of cattle apparently without number graze on the wide expanse. In winter a frosted blanket of snow covers the region to a considerable depth.

From Eaton Hill may be seen the rocky ledge where the Acadians built their first successful windmill. A few boulders and an eroded mound of earth mark the exact place. In this mill the farmers ground their grain into meal and flour. Often the friendly Indians came to grind their corn, giving furs in exchange for the grinding. Little information can be found describing the mill or its operation. A story has been handed down from generation to generation that the miller used two large, circular stones. The lower stone was called the "bed stone," and the upper one the "runner." The huge windwheel turned the "runner stone," which ground the grain to meal or flour.

North of the Evangeline Memorial Park, by the side of the Acadian road, which has been closed since 1755, one finds a cluster of cellars filled with débris. How eroded they are by the storms of years! If these hollow mounds and crumbling walls could speak, they would thrill us with tales of sorrow and fortitude. Upon these grassy mounds stood the homes of the people of Grand-Pré a century and a half ago.

With Benedict, her father, dwelt Evangeline on this

charming spot. Fragrant flowers of gorgeous colors invite the traveler to wander among the remains of the historic village of Grand-Pré. Gone is Evangeline, but here was her flower garden, and in it blossomed the roses, sweet marjorams, white double violets, sweetbriars, and hyacinths with their stalks of bell-shaped flowers. The exquisite fragrance and beauty of the Grand-Pré flower garden are beyond description, but the cheerfulness which it brought to the village can well be imagined.

CHAPTER XI

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Explain the meaning of pastoral, pinnate, sounding board, hyacinths, exquisite, flanked, tempered, Union Jack, and obsolete.
2. What conditions in Nova Scotia promoted the growth of the Grand-Pré section?
3. What language did the Acadians speak?
4. Did you discover anything in this chapter that leads you to believe the people were religious?
5. Imagine that you have just visited the Old Covenanter's Church at Grand-Pré. In an oral composition before your class tell what you saw and heard.
6. Judge Haliburton wrote a number of interesting books. Ask your librarian to procure one of these for you to read.
7. In your own words describe the view from Eaton Hill. Remember that Evangeline Memorial Park, Cape Blomidon, the dykes, the "vast meadows stretched to the Eastward," the Gaspereau River, and the Basin of Minas are to be included in this picture.
8. Find out about the primitive methods that were used in grinding corn.
9. Were the Acadians and Micmacs friendly? Give an illustration.
10. You have read about Evangeline's flower garden. Give the names of some of the flowers that still blossom in her garden. How many flowers can you recognize by name in your garden?

CHAPTER XII

EVANGELINE MEMORIAL PARK

DIRECTLY opposite the Dominion Atlantic Railway Station at Grand-Pré lies the historic Evangeline Memorial Park. This tract of land, which is the very center of the scenes attending the expulsion of the Acadians, now belongs to the descendants of the exiles. Only recently did the Railway Company deed this park to the heirs of the people who were deported over a century and a half ago.

When the French first came to Grand-Pré, this slightly elevated portion of land was entirely surrounded by water at high tide. Now because of the dykes, it has been entirely reclaimed from the sea.

At the entrance to the park, leading from the main dykeroad, a facsimile French tollgate has been constructed. From its structure and design it is obvious that the tollgate resembles those used by the Acadians in the early days. As one passes through the creaking wooden gate, a crushed stone path leads to the huge, stone cross which marks the hallowed site of the Acadian cemetery. To the right and left flowering shrubs and fragrant flowers mark the unknown sepulchres.

ENTRANCE TO EVANGELINE MEMORIAL PARK FROM THE DYKEROAD

"Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the
well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough
for the horses."

SITE OF THE OLD ACADIAN CEMETERY

Before Winslow deported the Acadians, a number of the residents, believing they would return, buried certain tools, treasures, and utensils in this well. As the years rolled by, the well was completely forgotten.

EVANGELINE'S WELL
The famous willows in the background

A decade ago a farmer discovered the old well while plowing. Within its recesses he found scythes, forks, plowshares, and other agricultural implements. The wood had rotted from the handles, but the iron parts, though rusty, were in a good state of preservation. The museums to-day contain a number of interesting relics that came from Evangeline's well.

When the park became the property of the railroad, the well was stoned up and completely restored. Every year scores of tourists visit this famous landmark and drink from its cooling waters. The moss-covered bucket, fastened with chains, the foundation of the well, studded with glacial pebbles, and the inclined pole, that is used to lift the water, remind the wayfarer of the days of Evangeline.

To the westward stands a group of ancient willows

which are to many an interesting feature of the park. In their tenacity to life they are typical of the Acadians. Although their trunks are gnarled, twisted, and bent, and in many cases slightly decayed, they continue to live on. These primitive trees form a connecting link between the past and present. It is believed these willows came originally from France. The Acadians planted them with great care. From the one hundred or more varieties of the willow, those found at Grand-Pré closely resemble the ones growing in France where the Acadians formerly lived.

Bringing a "little bit of their homeland" with them to the New World was quite natural. Everywhere the willow has been called the "Weeping Willow." In the *Land of Evangeline,* this name is especially appropriate. In history, the willow has been associated frequently with sorrow. For example, in the Bible one may read the words: "By the river of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof."

Dearer than all the other landmarks to the devout Acadians are the ruins of the Church of Saint Charles. To-day, the stone foundation is nearly filled with earth and débris, while weeds and bushes protrude from the cracks in the walls. On this very spot Winslow imprisoned the male inhabitants of Grand-Pré. Beautiful flowers, reminding the traveler of the peaceful Acadians grow in abundance around this hallowed site.

When the descendants accepted the park, they

began making plans to build a shrine. Within a fortnight they secured sufficient money to erect a suitable structure. Those who visit the Memorial Park to-day will find a beautiful shrine dedicated to the memory of the exiled Acadians. Alice Longfellow, a direct descendant of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, took an active part in the ceremonies.

That the Acadians leaned to superstitions is further evidenced from the legend concerning the Angelus of the church. It is said that the old bell was removed from the belfry before the British, under the leadership of Winslow, took possession of Grand-Pré. The Acadians constructed a large vault of stone and mortar which had two distinct sections. Into the first was placed the church treasure; and into the other the old brass bell. A few days before the expulsion, they claim to have heard strange noises and to have seen unusual phenomena in the heavens. To them these unprecedented signs foretold misfortune.

A long time ago, an unknown sailing craft dropped its anchor in the waters of the Basin of Minas within the shadow of Cape Blomidon. As the twilight began to deepen, the crew rowed silently to the sandy shore. At daybreak a terrific storm came up and dashed the ship to pieces. During the storm the inhabitants heard the bell ringing. On the next morning they discovered that the bell had been removed from its secret chamber. Some sailors believe that during heavy seas the bell sends out messages of warning.

Near the southern entrance and facing the obsolete road, formerly used by the Acadians, stands the bronze

LEAVING THE EVANGELINE MEMORIAL PARK
The road which was closed in 1755 by Winslow

statue of Evangeline designed by Phillipe Herbert, a lineal descendant of the expelled French. Much of the tragedy of the deportation is vividly expressed by the statue. Evangeline's footsteps loiter, for she wished to remain; the head and shoulders are thrown back for a last lingering glance; and her face is sad, yet expressing patience and forgiveness rather than resentment. How carefully and thoughtfully did the sculptor produce in bronze the real characteristics of the Acadians!

A great tribute was paid to the exiles when Lady Burnham, a British Peeress, and wife of the proprietor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, unveiled this statue on July 29, 1920. With gifted eloquence she voiced the universal regrets of the British for the harshness of the past.

STATUE OF EVANGELINE

The statue of Evangeline stands within the shadow of two rows of graceful willows. Like sentinels they watch over it and apparently protect the southern entrance to the park. A story has been handed down

that beneath these trees Gabriel and Evangeline met frequently and planned for the future.

Throughout the park pretty flowers of many colors and varieties adorn the circular paths, and on sunken pools float the lily pads with their fragrant blossoms. This delightful spot, the seat of the Acadian civilization, with its landmarks, its ruins, and its flowers, brings very near to the visitor the tragic fate of the once happy people of the village of Grand-Pré, who,

> "Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty
> blasts of October
> Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle
> them far o'er the ocean."

CHAPTER XII

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Where is the Evangeline Memorial Park located?
2. Why do you suppose the Park was located here?
3. Describe briefly the entrance to the Memorial Park.
4. In his poem "Evangeline" our beloved poet alludes to the "well with its moss-grown bucket." Do you think the well in the Park is the same one mentioned by Longfellow?
5. On the hallowed site of the Acadian cemetery one may see groups of fragrant flowers and pretty shrubs. What do these signify?
6. You have seen the picture of the beautiful stone cross. What does this mean?
7. Why were the Acadians fond of the willow tree? Briefly describe the willows in the Park.
8. What is the significance of the statue of Evangeline?
9. The descendants of the Acadians are now completing a beautiful shrine on the site of the Church of Saint Charles that was burned by Winslow in 1755. Ask some member of your class to procure information about this edifice.
10. Perhaps there are people from your community who have visited this interesting Memorial Park. If so, ask them to come to school and address your class.

CHAPTER XIII

DEPORTATION OF THE ACADIANS

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."

IN Utrecht, Holland, April 11, 1713, the Treaty of Utrecht was signed; thus ended the war between France and England. In this Treaty France agreed to give England permanent possession of Acadia.

During the struggles of the French and Indian War, which are sometimes known as the American phase of the Seven Years' War, the Acadians were strongly patriotic and fought valiantly for their native land. It is obvious that their position in Nova Scotia became somewhat awkward when the province was ceded to Great Britain.

In 1714, the Queen addressed a letter to General Nicholson, the Governor of Nova Scotia, expressing

her desire to permit the French to retain their real and personal property without molestation. In other words, the French were placed upon an equal footing of rights and privileges with the English. To become English subjects, it was necessary for them to take the oath of allegiance. The active leaders of the Canadian French circulated propaganda calling upon their people to be neutral and to refuse to take the oath.

It is true that a large proportion of the Acadian peasants were a peaceful and inoffensive people. Unfortunately, they allowed unpatriotic French agents to do some of their thinking and acting. When they had an opportunity to take the oath of allegiance, they declined, saying it would be necessary for them to bear arms against their brothers in Europe in case another war should be declared between France and England.

The agents of the French Acadians continued somewhat their policies of inspiring and encouraging the Indians to attack the English. In 1755, the Nova Scotia Council, with Governor Charles Lawrence, met at Halifax. The Acadians were branded as outlaws and rebels. Therefore, as a war measure, the government determined to break the French power in the New World by banishing the entire French population, both innocent and guilty.

The Acadians maintained that, although a few leaders had allied themselves with the Indians, the entire population should not be condemned for the acts of a few; and that the plan to overthrow the English government at Annapolis Royal had been

made in France without the knowledge of the Acadians.

At this time Benjamin Franklin published his Pennsylvania *Gazette* at Philadelphia. In this paper the editor claimed that the oath of allegiance was not the principal cause for the drastic measures adopted by Lawrence and the Council. It seems that Halifax was founded six years before the issuance of the decree and was fast becoming a city. It was the desire of the British, according to Franklin, to secure possession of the twenty thousand acres of fertile farms owned by the Acadians in order to supply Halifax with adequate provisions.

A nation lived within a nation. Two nationalities with two creeds, and two ideals in the same region, seldom agree. The English and the French are both charged with political, social, industrial, and religious wars. Jealousy, prejudice, and hatred reigned among these people. The situation acquired so much momentum on the part of the British that banishment seemed the only means of settlement.

At Halifax, secret plans were made for the deportation of the Acadian population. At Annapolis Royal, the English Major, Handfield, commanded the fort. Governor Lawrence sent his agents to this soldier, giving him the necessary instructions. He was told that a small fleet from Boston would arrive in the Basin. On these vessels one thousand French Acadians were to be placed, and thence carried to various English Colonies along the American coast. Three hundred were to be sent to Philadelphia, two

hundred to New York, two hundred to Boston, and three hundred to Connecticut. Major Handfield had permission to use force to make the Acadians obey the orders of the English Governor. In case the French farmers refused to leave their peaceful homes, they were to be dealt with severely.

Presently the tiny fleet, not a large Armada, arrived from Boston according to Lawrence's plan. The *Hopson, Sarah, Molly, Dolphin, Hannah, Three Friends,* and *Swan* rode at anchor in the mouth of the Gaspereau waiting for the hour of action. The names of the vessels were simple and innocent, but their appearance frightened and disturbed the Acadians.

> "Four days now are passed since the English
> ships at their anchors
> Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Perhaps some friendlier purpose
> Brings these ships to our shores."

Just as the farmers completed gathering the hay on the dykelands, and prepared to harvest a large crop of apples, Winslow arrived with his fleet. On the fifteenth of August, 1755, he began to make his quarters on the plain now known as the "Evangeline Memorial Park." Winslow and his military staff occupied the house of the priest. The Church of Saint Charles was used as an arsenal. Winslow began making preparations to build a high picket fence around the entire camp.

"What their design may be is unknown:"

Winslow and his officers, Captains Osgood, Adams, and Hobbs, decided to keep their plans secret. Undoubtedly, they thought the Acadians would destroy the harvest, break the dykes, and thus defeat the project of the English. The Acadians were sympathetic, friendly, and hospitable. The English, they believed, had come to remain the entire winter with them.

Winslow found that the Acadians possessed an abundance of crops. Never in their history had they raised such large quantities of grain, hay, and vegetables. All families seemed to have flour, meat, and garden products. Everywhere Winslow found prosperity. When he returned to his barracks at Grand-Pré, he issued orders for the farmers to store their wheat, potatoes, flax, and corn in the granaries, cellars, and barns.

The final plans for the expulsion were left to Winslow and his staff. These officers decided to summon the men and youths to meet in the Church of Saint Charles "to hear the King's orders." Then from the church the prisoners were to march to the mouth of the Gaspereau and board the sailing vessels.

In French, Winslow posted a proclamation to the Acadians which read as follows:

"To the Inhabitants of the District of Grand-Pré, Minas, River Canard, and Places Adjacent, as well as Young Men and Lads:

"Whereas, His Excellency the Governor has instructed us of his late resolution respecting the matter proposed to the inhabitants, and has ordered us to communicate the same in

person, His Excellency being desirous that each of them should be satisfied to His Majesty's intentions, which he has also ordered us to communicate to you, as they have been given to him: We, therefore, order and strictly by these presents, all of the inhabitants as well as the above-named district as of all the other districts, both old and young men, as well as the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the Church of Grand-Pré, on Friday, the 5th instant, at three in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them, declaring that no excuse will be admitted on any pretense whatsoever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels, in default of real estate.

"Given at Grand-Pré, 2nd September, 1755."

"JOHN WINSLOW."

"Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré."

In answer to Winslow's proclamation the farmers and their sons above ten years of age assembled at the Church of Saint Charles. Scores of women waited without, and others wandered through the old cemetery in the churchyard.

"So passed the morning away. And lo! With a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal."

At the appointed hour the Angelus ceased to ring. In his laced uniform of bright colors Winslow walked quickly to his station in the center of the church. Around him stood the men and boys anxiously awaiting his words. With their black hair and dark

eyes, their gray homespun colors presented a marked contrast. Their sunburnt hands and faces gave evidence of the rich harvest on the dykelands.

Presently, Winslow stood and read the "Orders of the King":

"GENTLEMEN:—I have received from His Excellency, Governor Lawrence, the King's Commission, which I have in my hand, and by whose orders you are convened together, to manifest to you His Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his Province of Nova Scotia, who for almost half a century have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions; what use you have made of them you yourselves best know.

"The part of duty I am now upon is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, and I know it must be grievous to you who are of the same species. But it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore, without hesitation, I shall deliver you His Majesty's orders and instructions, viz.: That your lands & tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts are forfeited to the Crown, with all your other effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves are to be removed from this his Province.

"Thus, it is peremptorily His Majesty's orders that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed, and I am through His Majesty's goodness directed to allow you liberty to carry of your money and household goods as many as you can without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off, and also that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as His Majesty's service will admit, and hope that in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable and happy people. I must also inform you that it is His Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honor to command."

In verse, the poet Longfellow admirably relates the address of Winslow as follows:

"You are convened this day," he said, "by His Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is His Majesty's pleasure!"

According to historic documents the priest, Abbe Chauvreulx, was made a prisoner August fourth, at Fort Edward. It is not positively known that a clergyman attended the church to hear the "Orders of the King." However in his epic Longfellow vividly conveys the thoughts of the priest:

"What is this that ye do, my children? What madness hath seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!' ''
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak;
And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

In Winslow's diary we find an account of the number of the Acadians he deported from the Minas section:

"Males from ten years	446
Deputies, prisoners at Halifax	37
Married women	337
Sons	527
Daughters	576
Total	1923
Old and infirm not mentioned	820
	2743"

It is true Winslow did not imprison all the people of this section. Some fled to the forests while others took refuge with the Indians.

When the inhabitants were placed on the boats, the commander gave orders to burn the houses and barns. Again in his diary an account of the destruction is given:

"Houses	255
Barns	276
Outhouses	155
Mills	11
Church	1
Total	698"

The small fleet, the limited number of English soldiers, and the poor communications made it impossible for Winslow to expel the entire colony. When the Acadians received intelligence of the designs of the British, many of them fled to the forests for safety, and a number of the refugees with great difficulty crossed South Mountain, and near the present site of Bridgetown constructed huts and wigwams. Sickness and hunger finally forced them to surrender to the British militia.

The month of September, with its fragrant air and cloudless skies, brought a colossal tragedy to the Acadians. With profound emotion the peasants of Grand-Pré beheld their friends imprisoned on hostile ships; listened to the mournful bleating of their sheep and the lowing of their cows; heard the neighing of their faithful horses; and wept at the yelping of their watch-

THE GASPEREAU

"Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried.
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor."

dogs as they circled the blackened ashes of their homes. Throughout this lamentable tragedy the inhabitants endured these frightful scenes. Well may we wonder that they had the strength and fortitude to look forward. With the pulse of life throbbing in their bosoms and conscious of the great calamity with its memories burning in their souls, they lived to relate the story of this sad event in American history.

"And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed
out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore,
and the village in ruins."

CHAPTER XIII

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. England and France became involved in a number of wars. Try to ascertain reasons for their unfriendliness.
2. The "Deportation of the Acadians" is a debatable question. Give arguments for or against this question.
3. What part did the American Colonies take in the deportation?
4. Name the vessels that were used to deport the inhabitants. Who owned these ships?
5. Dramatize the scene in the Church of Saint Charles.
6. Memorize the speech of Father Felician.
7. Give a brief description of Grand-Pré before and after the deportation.
8. As a "War Measure," Governor Lawrence decided to send the people into exile. Could he have solved this problem in any other way? Explain.
9. Similar events have occurred in history. Can you mention any of them?
10. Commander John Winslow was duty bound to carry out the mandates of the authorities. What can you say of his treatment of the inhabitants?

CHAPTER XIV

THE EXILED ACADIANS ARE SCATTERED ALONG AMERICAN SHORES

"Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth."

HOMELESS and friendless the unfortunate Acadians landed at various ports. As Governor Lawrence of Nova Scotia failed to leave an authentic record of the deportation, the story of the wandering exiles can only be obtained from fragmentary accounts left by them. In writing to his subordinates, the Governor said:

"The Acadians are to be received and disposed of in such a manner as may best answer our design of preventing their reunion as a people."

Commenting on the deportation, Haliburton, the famous Nova Scotia judge and historian, said:

"The particulars of this affair seem to have been carefully concealed, although, it is not now easy to assign the reason, unless the parties were, as in truth they well might be, ashamed of the transaction."

Further in his history the learned judge stated:

"It seems totally irreconcilable that those who are not involved in the guilt shall participate in the punishment; or that a whole community shall suffer for the misconduct of a few."

The misfortunes of the Acadians interest the people of every land. The burning of their homes, the stealing of their lands, and their banishment stir our sympathies. An eminent poet has told us of their sorrows; historians have described their wanderings among strangers and enemies; and artists have painted scenes of their hardships and deprivations.

It is true Governor Lawrence did not intend to separate families and friends. As a result of unsystematic plans and inadequate boats, numerous separations did take place.

"Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf
of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of
the notary public: . . .
Father of twenty children was he, and more
than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard
his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he
languished a captive,

Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English."

René Leblanc, the notary public, was always a true friend of the English. When Lawrence issued the drastic orders, there were no exceptions. Consequently, this patriot who had loyally served the British was sent to New York with his wife and two youngest children. The other eighteen children were landed at various ports. No records can be found of the reunion of the family.

Many of the families were not separated until they arrived in port. One ship with four hundred Acadians anchored off the coast of the State of Connecticut. Just before the vessel anchored, it was agreed to place the refugees in fifty different towns. Records tell us that Norwich received nineteen and Haddon three. The others were sent to farmers who gave them work.

With their hearts full of sadness, the exiles waited for the New Englanders to give them assistance. In the fields, the corn and fodder had turned brown. The trees in the apple orchards were loaded with fruit. The cool breezes and the early snows brought additional hardships; and the situation was made worse, for the New Englanders were unable to house them or to give them help.

Approximately one third of the Acadian Colony came to the shores of South Carolina. As soon as they landed, a few hundred escaped from the British officers. From town to town they traveled, footsore and half clothed, searching for their relatives

who had been torn from them. Others endeavored to find employment to procure money with which to return to Acadia. Some of the Acadians were lost at sea as they attempted to return in rowboats.

In the Delaware River, a vessel containing about five hundred refugees anchored within sight of Philadelphia. The inhabitants of the "City of Brotherly Love" were just recovering from the shock of a recent earthquake. On board the ship were a number of cases of smallpox. On account of this epidemic the officials of the Quaker City would not permit them to disembark. In Washington Park, Philadelphia, lie numbers of the Acadians who succumbed to this malady. Tradition informs us that Evangeline eventually returned from her wanderings to this spot and now sleeps here among the flowering shrubs that adorn the park.

Robert Hunter Morris at this time became the Governor of Pennsylvania. Realizing the seriousness of the situation he wrote letters to the governors of New Jersey, New York, and Massachusetts. He also called upon Governor Lawrence to help improve the deplorable conditions of the Acadians. Later the authorities passed a resolution dispersing the exiles in the Counties of Bucks, Lancaster, and Chester. The Quakers treated them kindly and courteously.

One morning New Yorkers were startled at the sight of a hundred sturdy Acadian boys and girls. From Georgia these youngsters had traveled on foot searching for their native land. The authorities in New York immediately made them prisoners. Pres-

ently, a sufficient number of farmers gave them employment. Thus ended their journey, for they were forced to work for their masters.

A few weeks later the parents of these young people arrived at New York. The officers seized them and later ordered them to settle on farms in Orange and Westchester Counties. A score or more found homes on Long Island. Occasionally traces are found of these people in New York State.

At this time Sir Harry Moore governed the Colony of New York. After a conference with his subordinates, he proposed a scheme which he submitted to Governor Lawrence. In this plan, provision was made to send seventy families to Santo Domingo in the West Indies.

The plan was carried out without delay. The Acadians had lived in a cool, invigorating climate for years. Being accustomed to a northern climate, they could not adapt themselves to the climate of the tropics, and they suffered greatly from the hot rays of the sun. The change in latitude, climate, and customs disheartened them. Sir Harry Moore lived to see the grave mistake he had made.

The inhabitants of Maryland treated the refugees with kindness. Very soon after their arrival, a committee was formed which provided them with shelter and food. Within a month every Acadian family possessed a home. Not only were the people of this region friendly and hospitable, but they made it possible for the Acadians to enjoy the necessary comforts of life.

In the State of Louisiana are scattered groups of the descendants of the Acadians. Throughout the cotton district of this southern state one meets scores of the French. Winslow's *Journal* contains no account of a vessel docking along the southern shores. Writers of history are of the opinion that these exiles wandered there from other ports. To-day, these American-Acadians are loyal, patriotic, and thrifty. During the World War they assisted our nation admirably in helping to establish a universal peace and to create an international brotherhood of man.

Within the hearts of hundreds of Acadians burned the longing to return to their native land. Moved by a natural desire to look upon the old willows, and to wander through the lanes in the old cemetery, they determined to make an effort to return. Peradventure, they believed their lost relatives and friends were waiting for them at the ruins of the Church of Saint Charles.

During the year 1767, nine hundred men and women met in Boston for the purpose of devising plans for returning to Acadia. Eleven long years passed after the deportation before these fearless exiles attempted to return. During this early period the roads were rough, stony, and often impassable. As there were no automobiles, trains, or ships, the journey had to be made on foot.

The intrepid exiles began this long journey which took them through New Hampshire, Maine, and New Brunswick, and thence across the isthmus at Chignecto to Acadia. The regions through which they traveled

were infested by lurking Indians and wild animals. At night, in secluded glens or under trees in the forest they pitched their tents. Many were the hardships they encountered before reaching the wooded shores of the Bay of Fundy. Although many perished and others turned back, a score or more of them finally reached Grand-Pré.

Upon their arrival they found their country and the few remaining homes, which had not been destroyed by Winslow, occupied by the English. The presence of these people did not discourage and dishearten the wandering Acadians.

Without homes and friends these forlorn exiles soon bade farewell to Grand-Pré. From village to village they wandered aimlessly. Almost exhausted from cold, hunger, and fatigue, they continued their journey towards the sea. On the deserted and bleak shore of St. Mary Bay they at last settled.

Within a comparatively short time the Acadians were at peace with their neighbors. Less than a decade later, the Colonies of America began a war against the British crown for freedom and independence. Emissaries from America urged the Acadians to unite with them. Regardless of their sorrows and misfortunes, the Acadians remained faithful and loyal to Great Britain.

"Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom;
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

CHAPTER XIV

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Imagine yourself to have been one of the Acadians. Describe the voyage.
2. On a map of North America draw a line showing the various routes that the vessels followed.
3. Judge Haliburton collected considerable data relative to this incident. In his quotation, do you think he was prejudiced against the English?
4. The British did not intend to separate friends or relatives. However, a number of families were divided. How could the English have avoided this misfortune?
5. Tell where the Acadians were sent into exile.
6. As you read some of the quotations from the poem, make a list of the lines that show the cruelty of the separation.
7. Mention some of the experiences of the Acadians as they looked for food and shelter.
8. Within the hearts of the exiles there was a strong desire to return to Acadia. Why did they wish to return?
9. One little band did return to the land of their birth. Briefly narrate some of their experiences.
10. Where do the descendants of the exiles live at the present time?

CHAPTER XV

THE RETURN OF THE ACADIANS

"Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré."

ON the beautiful morning of August 18, 1921, in the historic Basin of Minas, a British man-of-war at anchor lay near the mouth of the Gaspereau. Flying the Union Jack, the vessel pointed its unloaded guns towards the traditional village of Grand-Pré. The oldest residents of Minas gathered at the shore and gazed with prying eyes upon the scene. There was no need for anxiety, however, as the ship had come only to do honor to the Acadians.

Resplendent in the sunlight the silent ship loomed up. Its broad steel sides glistened in the light of the morning sun, and in the stillness of the summer air, the smoke from its funnels lifted slowly skyward and was lost in the mists of the Bay of Fundy.

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown.
Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores."

In the presence of this friendly warship, Evangeline Memorial Park was embowered in flowers. The kind and sympathetic people of Grand-Pré, amid the gold and green of their dykelands and orchards, welcomed the return of the descendants of the exiles on this memorable day. One hundred sixty-six long years had passed since the residents of the *Land of Evangeline* were made prisoners by Colonel John Winslow and taken into exile. Little did the Acadians realize as they left the mouth of the Gaspereau and bade farewell to Cape Blomidon that a century and a half would elapse before their children's children would be permitted to return to the land of their birth.

The return of the Acadians to the land of their ancestors resembled a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in the days of long ago. At the time of the expulsion, the Acadians were forcibly placed on crude sailing craft under armed guards; this day their descendants returned on a special train provided by the Dominion Atlantic Railway.

When the train stopped at the quaint station of Grand-Pré, the Acadians entered the hallowed grounds of the Evangeline Memorial Park. Within the shadow of the picturesque statue of Evangeline, around which has been woven the greatest tragedy of modern times, the French gazed silently and reverently.

Passing the weather-beaten ruins of the Church of Saint Charles, burned by Winslow at the time of deportation, the Acadians offered up their devotions. Concealing their cherished traditions they mused over the sufferings and hardships which were endured by

their ancestors. As they recalled the tragedy of their forefathers, which is wrapped in an almost impenetrable veil of mystery, the group of devoted descendants meditated in grim silence.

> "Silently one by one in the infinite meadows
> of heaven
> Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots
> of the Angels."

As the twilight deepened into darkness, the Acadians, three hundred in number, assembled on that memorable spot beside the spreading willows. With tears in their eyes, men and women knelt reverently on the damp ground. Some bathed their foreheads with water from the well; others plucked flowers or gathered sprigs of willows to carry home for everlasting remembrances; and a few chipped off tiny pieces of rock from the cellar wall of Saint Charles.

On this occasion, French, the language of the Acadians, was heard in this region for the first time since the deportation.

Speaking in French, Honorable D. V. Landry, President of the Acadian Congress, said:

"We come not with hatred in our hearts, for the past is forgotten."

His gentle words of affection, conciliation, and devotion made a lasting impression upon the gathering.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway had invited the descendants of the exiled Acadians to return to Grand-Pré for the reunion, and proposed to return to them a small portion of their former lands, so that they might

have a permanent foothold in the *Land of Evangeline.* The presentation of the deed by George E. Graham of the Railway Company, was an impressive ceremony as the Acadians stood reverently with bowed heads.

The Acadians made plans to erect a memorial hall on the historic site of the old church. The building will undoubtedly resemble the old edifice. An Angelus will be placed in the belfry that will ring twice daily, as in the early days before the expulsion. Many other important changes will be made in the village. The old road leading from the churchyard to Grand-Pré, which has been closed for a century and a half, will be reopened. Eventually, a school will be organized where instruction in art, science, literature, and vocational training, will be given.

In this splendid environment the descendants of the exiles have returned to build permanent homes. To-day, the two peoples represent one great nation living under one great flag. In profound tranquillity will the French and English dwell together in the *Land of Evangeline.*

CHAPTER XV

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Account for the presence of a warship in the Basin of Minas on the morning of August 18, 1921.
2. On this memorable day the inhabitants had made many preparations to receive the distinguished guests. What do you suppose the people did to make the town look pretty and attractive?
3. Imagine you are on one of the special trains. You look out of the car window and catch a faint glimpse of the Grand-Pré region

that had been taken away from your ancestors one hundred sixty-six years ago by the English. Describe your feelings.

4. When the Acadians left the train at the station, what did they do?
5. At this event the author heard only the French language. It had not been spoken here since the deportation. Was it a good idea to permit the people to speak French?
6. In the new school what subjects should be taught?
7. Dramatize the scene in the Park when Honorable George E. Graham presented the land to the Acadians.
8. What do the descendants plan to do with the territory?
9. How did the inhabitants treat the Acadians?
10. Try to find out if the descendants are planning to make further pilgrimages to the "Land of their Fathers."

CHAPTER XVI

THE WESTERN EXIT

IN the year 1604, Pierre du Gast, Sieur de Monts, a nobleman of the Court of Henry IV, came to Acadia to establish a colony. For his efforts in founding a settlement, he was to receive the monopoly of the fur trade with the Indians. His charter gave him the legal right to colonize the territory extending from Belle Isle to the Chesapeake Bay.

With de Monts were Champlain, Poutrincourt, and Pontgrave, names well known in the early history of New France. These voyagers admired the wide expanse of land-locked water, and gave it the name Port Royal. In 1710, or about a century later, the New England militia captured this section of Acadia from the French. In honor of the British queen, the town was named Annapolis.

De Monts sailed up the Bay of Fundy to explore the coast line. At Cape D'Or he anchored in order to visit the mines of pure copper about which the Indians had told him. From this place the French colonizer entered the Basin of Minas and sailed as far as Partridge Island, where one of the officers found an excellent specimen of amethyst. Upon their return to France beautiful settings were made from this precious stone and presented to the king and queen.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

Primitive and modern methods of travel

De Monts did not like the high tides, the steep, rugged hills, and the unfriendly savages. Presently, he returned to Port Royal, the first settlement made north of Florida, and organized the town. In this place was the beginning and later the end of French dominion in the New World.

In order to protect themselves from their enemies, the French constructed fortifications at the intersection of the creek and the river. Vauban, the eminent French engineer, drew the original plans of the fort that covers practically thirty acres. The fort consisted of four bastions; three ravelins were laid outside these massive walls, and to a height of thirty feet, faced with huge timbers, rose the sturdy walls of each bastion. A ditch, filled with water, crossed the entrance. Along the parapet lay innumerable logs, fastened by loose pins, which could be rolled upon

Fort Anne

invaders instantaneously. Behind the embankments lies the quadrangle, which in the early days contained the necessary buildings. Only one of these structures remains at the present time. In the days of war, British soldiers used this building as their residence. To-day, the government uses it as a museum and library.

In the northern bastion stood the blockhouse. Built of solid oak, it commanded the old bridge over the moat. In 1881, the British authorities ordered the building torn down, much to the dissatisfaction of the inhabitants. Nearby one may see the two powder houses, whose brick walls were imported from France in 1702. To the right are the remains of the furnaces which were used to melt lead for shot.

From the records, it is supposed that Fort Anne

FORT ANNE

The sallyport, showing a captured gun taken by the enlisted soldiers from Annapolis Royal in the World War

was originally constructed by Sieur D'Aunay in 1643. No other fort in America has been taken and re-taken so many times—twenty-three in all. The present fort has been attacked ten times and captured three times.

During the past generation the Canadian government has restored the portions which had fallen into decay. The prison in the west bastion has been fully repaired; the sallyport strengthened; and the obsolete magazine in the south bastion completely restored.

The cannon, powder houses, moat, and trenches are suggestive of the days when war seemed to be the principal occupation of the men. The mounted guns

Fortification at Fort Anne Showing the Annapolis Basin

are now obsolete; the pyramids of shot on the ground within are covered with rust and moss; and sentinels no longer patrol the parapets. Obviously peace reigns supreme in Annapolis Royal, in so far as Fort Anne is concerned.

A newspaper bearing the date, June, 1745, gives a remarkable account of this interesting fort:

"There are on the river battery six twenty-four pounders, on the ramparts, one twelve-inch mortar and thirty pieces of cannon. The wall is of earth, faced with squared timbers ten by twelve inches, and eighteen feet long, joined together and set up perpendicularly. The top of the parapet is set off with round logs a foot in diameter, fastened with rope at the ends. These logs are so disposed as to admit of being loosened and slipped over the talus of the parapet to break the ladders of a scaling party. The ditch may be sixty to seventy feet in width, and thirty to thirty-five feet in depth. In its center is a cunette (a wet ditch in the middle of a dry one) protected by a staked palisade. The glacis, with well-

defined salient and entering angles, may be ninety feet. The outworks consist of three blockhouses: one situated between the mouth of the Allen Creek and the fort, to defend the plain; the other two, east and northeast of the fort, defend the approach to the Lower Town. Most of the houses in the Lower Town belong to the officers of the garrison. The English, moreover, have a large frame house to lodge their Indian allies which is defended by four guns."

Annapolis Royal abounds in historic interest. Since the day de Monts came to these Acadian shores, heroic deeds have been indelibly engraved upon the sands of time. This venerable old village is unique among the places in Nova Scotia. Quaint dwellings, Fort Anne, Sam Slick House, and the Church of England attract tourists who are passing through the province. Few cities possess so many fraternal organizations. A visit to some of the lodges reveals the fact that they were organized decades ago. In 1827, Dr. Charles Jackson, an eminent American geologist, found a stone which bore emblems of Free Masonry. The square, compass, and letter G were quite visible. It is believed that this stone had some connection with de Monts and Poutrincourt.

In August, 1921, a score or more of business blocks and houses were destroyed by fire. Dwellings and stores on the main street that leads to Fort Anne were wiped out. The Fort, de Monts monument, and the museum which contains valuable relics were unscathed.

Leaving the second oldest settlement in America, let us proceed towards the western gateway of the *Land of Evangeline* to the famous *Digby Cut.*

When viewed from a distance, the long ridge

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL
North Mountain in the distance

covered with evergreens seems continuous, but upon approaching the range, the traveler will observe a rift or gap through which the deep blue water of the Annapolis Basin meets the Bay of Fundy. On both sides the rugged heights stand gleaming in the sunlight against the deep and brilliant blue of the Nova Scotian sky.

Within this gateway stretches a broad expanse of crystal water in which the delicate colors of the changing heavens are reflected. In the rear lies a country full of mystery and rich in history and fascination; and beyond lie eddying bays, turbulent tides, and a bold, picturesque coast.

CHAPTER XVI

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Some of our texts in American History mention the name "Port Royal." However, on our maps we cannot find this name. It has been changed to Annapolis Royal. What reasons can you give for the change?
2. Trace the strife between the French and the English at Port Royal.
3. It is said that Fort Anne is the second oldest fort on the American continent. In your histories look for the name of the first fort.
4. Authorities claim that this fort has been taken and retaken twenty-three times. Do you know of another fort on the American Continent that has a greater record?
5. To-night at the dinner table, tell your parents about the history of this interesting fort.
6. Name some of the interesting places that you would like to visit in Annapolis Royal.
7. Why did the inhabitants erect a beautiful monumental shaft in memory of Sieur de Monts?
8. To-day the boys of the town play the game called "cricket" on the grounds of Fort Anne. The author witnessed two teams playing baseball at the Fort. How do you account for the introduction of this great American sport?
9. The officers' quarters of Fort Anne is now used as a museum. Here may be found all kinds of relics from the *Land of Evangeline*. Do you have an idea what these relics are?
10. Ask one of the members of your class to find further information about the famous Digby Cut.

CHAPTER XVII

WRITING EVANGELINE

BETWEEN the years 1830–1832, George Mordaunt Haliburton and his family moved from Nova Scotia to Boston. In this city they became the parishioners of the Reverend Horace Lorenzo Conolly, Rector of Saint Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Church. To him the Haliburtons told many stories of life in the maritime province of Acadia.

This minister left the parish of Saint Matthew and moved to Salem, where he became intimately associated with Nathaniel Hawthorne. This author was a friend of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a Professor at Harvard University. One day Hawthorne invited his friend, Conolly, to accompany him to Cambridge to meet the poet at his home in the Craigie House. At lunch, the minister casually remarked to Longfellow that he had been trying to persuade his friend Hawthorne to write a story concerning an incident connected with the expulsion of the Acadians by the British, which a former parishioner by the name of Haliburton had narrated.

Longfellow asked the minister to relate the story, which was told somewhat as follows:

"On the shores of the Basin of Minas, in Nova

Scotia, lived a great many years ago a prosperous colony of French immigrants called Acadians. The inhabitants were simple farmers who made their living by tilling the soil, raising apples, and tending their flocks. They were an honest, a straightforward, and a pastoral people who dwelt harmoniously with their neighbors and the Micmac Indians.

"The tiny village of Grand-Pré, consisting of a few quaint log cabins, was nestled in a stately grove of evergreens overlooking the turbulent tides that rolled in from the Bay of Fundy. To the north of the thriving settlement and near the dykelands, the Acadians frequently assembled in the Church of Saint Charles.

"Among these thrifty peasants lived a popular maiden of less than twenty years. By her black eyes, her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue the villagers always knew her. Everybody called her 'Sunshine of Saint Eulalie,' for this was the sunshine that loaded their orchards with big red apples. To the son of the smithy she was to be married in her church.

"France and England had been engaged in a horrible war; likewise their Colonies in America waged a similar war. When peace was declared, the French hesitated to acknowledge the Queen of England as their ruler. Since the Acadians objected to the oath of allegiance, the British ordered their deportation to American shores.

"On the eve of the marriage of this Acadian maiden, the peasants were alarmed at the sight of a number of British and American ships riding at

anchor in the mouth of the Gaspereau with their mounted guns pointing towards the peaceful settlement. On the following morning the inhabitants were imprisoned on these vessels. During the excitement the young lovers were separated and sent separately into exile.

"After spending the greater part of her young life searching for her lover, this brave Acadian woman became a nurse in one of the hospitals in Philadelphia. One day the doctors called her to nurse a very sick patient. Noticing his dark brown hair, mingled with white, his deep blue eyes, and his fair complexion, the nurse recognized her lost fiancé."

To this narration Longfellow listened attentively and with moistened eyes. Immediately the poet remarked to Hawthorne:

"If you really do not want this incident for a story, let me have it for a poem." Before leaving the luncheon, Hawthorne assented to this request.

When his guests retired, Longfellow began collecting material for the poem. From the "History of Nova Scotia," compiled in 1829, by Judge Thomas C. Haliburton, and from other similar books, the poet secured geographical and historical information. During his boyhood days, he had observed the great stretches of wooded hills, vast meadows, and fertile valleys at the Wadsworth home at Hiram. With these data and vivid recollections, Longfellow commenced the poem. It is true that the poet never visited the Acadian shores, which he has so vividly described in verse.

Longfellow's personal diary gives an interesting account of the progress of the poem:

November 28th, 1845—Set about "Gabrielle," my idyl in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to let a day go by without adding something to it. F. (Mrs. Longfellow) and Sumner are both doubtful of the measure. To me it seems the only one for such a poem.

December 7th—I know not what name to give it—not my new baby, but my new poem. Shall it be *Gabrielle,* or *Celestine,* or *Evangeline?*

January 8th, 1846—Striving, but, alas, how vainly, to work upon *Evangeline!* One interruption after another, till I long to fly to the desert for a season.

January 12th—The vacation at hand. I hope before its close to get far on in *Evangeline.* Two cantos are now done, which is a good beginning.

May 20th—Tried to work on *Evangeline.* Unsuccessful. Gave it up and read Legare's letters.

November 12th—I long to be fairly at work on *Evangeline.* But as surely as I hope for a free day something unexpected steps in and deprives me of it.

November 17th—I said as I dressed myself this morning, to-day, at least I will work on *Evangeline.* But no sooner had I breakfasted than a note came from —— etc. And now it is past eleven o-clock, and the sun shines so brightly upon my desk and papers that I can write no more.

December 10th—Laid up with a cold. Moped the day through. Made an effort, however, and commenced the second part of *Evangeline.* I felt all day wretched enough to give it the sombre tone of coloring that belongs to the theme.

December 15th—Stayed at home, working a little on *Evangeline,* planning out the second part, fascinates me—if I can but give complete tone and expression to it.

December 17th—Finished this morning and copied the first canto of the second part of *Evangeline.* The portions of the poem which I write in the morning I write chiefly standing at my desk here (by the window), so as to need no

copying. What I write at other times is scrawled with a pencil on my knee in the dark, and has to be written out afterward. This way of writing with a pencil and portfolio I enjoy much; as I can sit by the fireside and do not use my eyes. I see a panorama of the Mississippi advertised. This comes very apropos. The river comes to me instead of my going to the river; and as it is to flow through the pages of the poem I look upon this as a special benediction.

January 14th, 1847—Finished the last canto of *Evangeline*. But the poem is not finished. There are three intermediate cantos to be written.

February 23rd—*Evangeline* is ended. I wrote the last lines this morning.

March 6th—A lovely spring morning. I began to revise and correct *Evangeline* for the press.

April 3rd—The first canto of *Evangeline* in proofs. Some of the lines need pounding; nails are to be driven and clinched. On the whole, I am pretty well satisfied. Fields came out in the afternoon. I told him of the poem, and he wants to publish it.

April 4th—Sumner and Felton came to tea, and we discussed *Evangeline*. I think Sumner is rather afraid of it still; and wants me to let it repose for a six-month.

April 9th—Proof sheets of *Evangeline* all tattooed with Folsom's (his friend who was the chief proof reader at the University Press) marks. How severe he is! But so much the better.

October 2nd—Why does not Ticknor publish *Evangeline?* I am going to town to ask him that very question. His answer was that he should do so without further delay.

October 30th—*Evangeline* published.

November 8th—*Evangeline* goes on bravely. I have received greater and warmer commendations than on any previous volume. The public takes more kindly to hexameters than I could have imagined.

CHAPTER XVIII

LIFE OF LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the author of "Evangeline," was born February 27, 1807, in Portland, Maine. His parents were Nilpah Wadsworth and Stephen Longfellow. Among the ancestors of the poet's mother were John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, who came to America on the historic *Mayflower*. Several of Longfellow's relatives distinguished themselves as leaders and patriots. One grandfather, Peleg Wadsworth of Portland, Maine, became an active general in the Revolutionary War; his other grandfather, Stephen Longfellow, was a judge of the Court of Common Pleas in the same city.

From his parents Longfellow received a great heritage which undoubtedly helped him to become a learned Professor, a loyal American, and a distinguished poet. His mother was exceptionally conversant with the Bible and Psalm Book. She was regarded by her friends as a lady of piety, refinement, and true Christian endeavor. The father of Longfellow graduated with honor from the Law School of Harvard University. He was a cultured, scholarly, and religious American, who constantly inspired his children to become useful men and women.

At an early age, Longfellow entered the elementary school. From the very beginning he excelled in his

various studies. Young Longfellow was always averse to athletics and sports of all kinds. He preferred to study and read choice literature. His favorite book was "The Sketch Book"; but with a keen interest he read Cowper's poems, "Lalla Rookh," "Ossian," the "Arabian Nights," and "Don Quixote."

From these books he received an inspiration to write poems. Several of his early attempts have been preserved to this day. From them one cannot find traces of his reading or see any germs for future greatness.

He matriculated at an early age at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine. In college he became intimately acquainted with several men who, after graduation, became distinguished. Among them were Abbott, the historian; Pierce, the politician; Chiever, the author and clergyman; and Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author.

Longfellow completed his college course with high honors at the age of nineteen. At the final examinations he translated an ode of Horace. By chance, one of the prominent trustees of the college perused the translation. He was so pleased with Longfellow's efforts that he recommended him for the newly established Chair of Modern Languages.

At the age of twenty he sailed for Paris, where he studied the French language and literature for eight months. In February, 1827, he went to Madrid to study Spanish where he met Washington Irving, the author of his favorite volume, "The Sketch Book." In December he traveled to Rome, Italy, and one year later he

went to Germany. When he was twenty-two years of age, he returned to his Alma Mater, where he became Professor of Modern Languages. Most of his work consisted of lecturing on literature and hearing translations in French, Spanish, and Italian.

His professorship at Bowdoin was a happy one. Apparently, he was loved by his associates and pupils. About two years after he became connected with this college, he married Mary Potter the attractive and accomplished daughter of his father's lifelong friend.

Soon after his marriage he began to write, imitating after a fashion both Irving and Goldsmith. During the year 1833, his first volume appeared, which was a translation from a dull Spaniard. A few months later he published the first part of "Outre-Mer, A Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea." In this volume he narrated his experiences in Europe.

The trustees of Harvard University offered him, in 1834, the Professorship of German. Feeling unprepared to give proper instruction in German, Longfellow accepted the new position with the understanding that he be given a year's leave of absence to study and travel in Germany. In the spring Longfellow and his young wife arrived in London. After visiting Carlyle, the famous essayist, they sailed for Stockholm, and thence to Copenhagen and Amsterdam. At this latter city he began to study German in earnest.

After a few months spent in Amsterdam, Longfellow and his wife removed to Rotterdam. At this place his wife became ill, and passed away after a painful and lingering illness. Longfellow never

recovered from the shock of this great misfortune. In a poem called "Footsteps of Angels," which he wrote soon after her death, he reveals his great sorrow:

"With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine,
And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes."

After the death of his wife, he went to Heidelberg, where he became acquainted with several German Professors. For the first time he met William Cullen Bryant. He did not spend much time with his friends, but labored incessantly on the works of Schiller, Goethe, Tieck, Richter, and others.

During the month of December, 1836, Longfellow assumed his new duties at Harvard University as Professor of Modern Languages. It is interesting to note that he occupied the same room in the Craigie House in which George Washington lived for several months after the Battle of Bunker Hill. Here Longfellow became intimately acquainted with Hawthorne, who sent him a copy of his "Twice-Told Tales." Longfellow wrote a review of the volume which was published in the *North American.*

"Hyperion" was the name of a prose romance which Longfellow published. The hero of the romance was a young man named Paul Fleming, but was none other than Longfellow himself; the heroine was Mary Ashburton, but doubtless her real name was Frances

Appleton. From the descriptions of the various scenes, and the incidents relating to the important characters, it is obvious that Longfellow hoped to marry this lady. After reading "Hyperion," Miss Appleton was seriously offended by the many references to her. However, after considering his genial personality, his prominent position at Harvard, and the esteem in which he was held by literary people of America, she withdrew her objections, and they were soon married.

Longfellow not only won a helpful and inspiring companion, but he received large sums of money from the wealthy father of his bride. One of the first gifts he received was the deed to the Craigie House.

Most poets and writers have not been so fortunate. Perhaps they have been urged forward in their literary careers by the lack of money.

Longfellow did not lose his enthusiasm and industry by securing a fortune. He continued to write, and during the remaining years of his life he made a score or more of invaluable contributions to American literature. Among the popular poems are, "Old Clock on the Stairs," "Hiawatha," "Courtship of Miles Standish," "Paul Revere's Ride," "Building of the Ship," "Hanging of the Crane," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and others.

Realizing his poetic ability, he resigned from his Professorship at Harvard in order to give his entire time to literary work. When James Russell Lowell assumed the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly,* Longfellow became a regular contributor. It is said

that during the next twenty years he composed over forty poems.

During the period of his greatest fame, it is regrettable that he had to endure another great misfortune. In 1861, his wife was accidentally burned. After suffering great pain for several days she passed away. From this very moment Longfellow's constant alertness and enthusiasm seemed to diminish, and he began to age rapidly.

Longfellow's last volume, entitled "Ultima Thule," appeared in 1880. During the first part of March, 1882, he wrote his last poem which he called "The Bells of San Blas."

On the twenty-fourth of March, the best beloved, the most admired of any American poet passed to that "Undiscovered Land from whose bourne no traveler returns." His earthly remains lie in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

"He is dead, the sweet musician!
He has gone from us forever!
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music
To the Master of all singing!"

—*Hiawatha's Lamentation.*

EVANGELINE

PART THE FIRST

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld,[1] with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,

1. **Druids of eld.** During the reign of Caesar the Druids were the priests of the Celtic inhabitants.

"This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of
the huntsman?"

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,

List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the
forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PRELUDE TO THE POEM

1. The forest primeval.
2. Grand-Pré traditions.
3. Predicting the tragedy.
4. Introduction of the theme.

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Commit to memory the first eleven lines.
2. Compare the "forest primeval" with the present forests in Nova Scotia.
3. What is meant by a figure of speech? Name any figures of speech in the Prelude.
4. Memorize the lines which give us the theme of "Evangeline."
5. Explain the following: (a) Bearded with moss; (b) Stand like harpers hoar; (c) in accents disconsolate; (d) wail of the forest; (e) Darkened by shadows of earth.
6. Why does the poet compare "murmuring pines" to "Druids"?
7. In your dictionary find the meaning of the following words: primeval, murmuring, bearded, harpers, thatch-roofed, tradition.

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley."

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dykes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates

"There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village."

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and corn-fields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy[1] built in the reign of the Henries.

1. **Normandy.** The first Acadians came from Normandy and Burgundy in France.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs, spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus[1] sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers—

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1. **Angelus.** The Angelus is a devotion in the Catholic Church, but in this line the poet refers to the sounding of the bell when the Angelus is to be recited.

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop[1]
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet[2] of beads and her missal,[3]
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.
Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.

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1. **Hyssop.** The Bible mentioned the hyssop as a plant. The branches were used to sprinkle the people during the purification service.
2. **Chaplet.** A string of beads used by the Roman Catholics during prayer.
3. **Missal.** A prayer book.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a pent-house,[1]
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains[2] and the antique plows and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,[3]
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.

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1. **Pent-house.** A canopy or shelter.
2. **Wains.** Farm wagons used by the Acadians.
3. **Seraglio.** Palace or harem.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister, and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.[1]
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him

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1. **Plain-song.** A chant.

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone,[1] which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.

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1. **Wondrous stone.** A lucky stone.

"Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household!"

"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie"[1] was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

THE LAND OF EVANGELINE

1. The beautiful village of Grand-Pré.
2. Benedict Bellefontaine, the father of our heroine.
3. Evangeline.
4. Home of Evangeline and her father.
5. The heroine's suitors.
6. Basil, the blacksmith.
7. The childhood of Evangeline and Gabriel.
8. The children grow up together.

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. In a paragraph of at least one hundred words describe the village of Grand-Pré.
   (Woolley, in his "Mechanics of Writing," advises his readers to write in the past tense. It is usually considered unwise in the reproduction of thought to use any other tense.)
2. Consult an encyclopedia for information about dykes. Appoint a member of the class to make an oral report.
3. Why is Cape Blomidon often called the "Majestic Sentinel of the *Land of Evangeline*"?
4. What kind of clothing did the Acadians wear?
5. State reasons why there were "neither locks to their doors, nor bars to their windows."
6. Give an analysis of the character of Evangeline.
7. Account for the fact that Evangeline was loved and admired by all the inhabitants of Grand-Pré.
8. Explain the following: (a) Softly the Angelus sounded; (b) "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie;" (c) startled the penitent Peter; (d) turbulent tides.

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1. **Sunshine of Saint Eulalie.** If the sun shines on Saint Eulalie's day, the twelfth of February, the orchards will bear a large crop of apples.

9. Longfellow wrote a beautiful short poem about a smithy. What was the name of this poem? Ask one of your classmates to read this poem. Do you see any similarity between this blacksmith and Basil?
10. Just above the village of Grand-Pré there is an old blacksmith-shop. Travelers often wonder if this is the shop that our poet mentions. The interior of this quaint building with its sounding anvil and blazing forge resembles those you have seen. Make an outline of a composition using for your subject, "The Village Smithy."
11. Consult your dictionary for the meaning of the following words: flax, reposed, dormer-windows, tranquil, hyssop, kirtle, seraglio, pedagogue, reverend, fledglings.
12. What is another name for the "sycamore"?
13. Select three passages to show that Longfellow appreciates humor.
14. What constituted the principal wealth and beauty of Evangeline's home?

II

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion[1] enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forests, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints![2]
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean

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1. **Scorpion.** A constellation in the heavens.
2. **Summer of All-Saints.** Called "Indian Summer." Usually the clear weather that may follow the first snowfall.

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree[1] the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,

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1. **Plane-tree.** A tree resembling the hackberry, but with an oval, ribbed, nut-like fruit.

Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farmyard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.
Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair; and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths

"Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind her."

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside—
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued—
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer: "Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued—
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dykes, besieged by the ocean,
Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?''
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered.

AUTUMN IN THE LAND OF EVANGELINE

1. Autumn comes.
2. The Summer of All-Saints.
3. Home life of Evangeline and her father.
4. Basil and Gabriel visit at the home of Benedict.
5. The veil of mystery—the English ships.

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. What were the signs of the advent of autumn?
2. What is meant by the Summer of All-Saints? Is this the same as our Indian Summer? Explain.
3. Describe the scenes on Benedict's farm.
4. Assume that you accompanied Basil and Gabriel to the home of Benedict and Evangeline. Using a good heading, a proper salutation, and an appropriate conclusion, write a letter to a friend describing your experiences.

5. Appoint a member of your class to write a dramatization of the scenes you described.
6. Explain, "Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal."
7. What is meant by the following: (a) hob-nailed shoes; (b) Burgundian vineyards; (c) notary; (d) breaking the glebe.
8. Invite some friend of your school who possesses a spinning-wheel to lend it to your class. Make a rough sketch of this spinning wheel indicating the distaff, treadle, and spindle.
9. Wool is always carded before it is spun into thread. Can you explain this?
10. Longfellow seems to have a great fondness for spinning-wheels. Name any other poems where he referred to these relics.
11. In your dictionary find the meaning of the following words: mandate, threshold, ballad, shuttle, magical, fantastic, Scorpion, shepherd, cadence, regent, stragglers, russet, fetlocks.
12. Pronounce these words: Gaspereau, Bellefontaine, glebe, bleating.
13. Give a two-minute talk on "The Mystery of the English Ships."
14. Give the names of these vessels. Who commanded the tiny fleet?
15. Do you think the inhabitants of Grand-Pré realized the seriousness of the situation? Explain.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou[1] in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche,[2] the ghost of a child who unchristened

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1. **Loup-garou.** This is a French word meaning *were-wolf.* Thus a Loup-garou is a person who has been turned into a wolf, but who retains his own mind. See Chapter X and read about the superstitions among the early Acadians.

2. **Létiche.** A ghost of an unchristened child that appears at night.

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nut-shell,
And of the marvelous powers of four-leaved clover and horse-shoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the black-smith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand.
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public—
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others,
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strong-est!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public—
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice

Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with homebrewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.

"Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuver,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king row."

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuver,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.

"Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows."

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the moon pass,
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar![1]

THE CONTRACT

1. René Leblanc, the notary.
2. The discussion or argument.
3. The notary's story.
4. Signing the contract.
5. Evangeline brings the "draught-board out of its corner."
6. The guests return home.
7. Our heroine retires.

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Describe the character of the notary.
2. Contrast Acadian life in 1755 with that of the present.
3. From this chapter it is quite obvious that Benedict was friendly and hospitable. Give quotations showing the truth of this statement.
4. Retell the notary's story that "justice finally triumphs."
5. What is a synonym? Give synonyms for the following: draught-board, floss, supernal, congealed, tankard.
6. Explain what is meant by "a betrothal contract." Do you know whether or not this is customary to-day in any country?
7. In reading this chapter did you notice any change of feeling? There are two distinct scenes that cause this change. Contrast them.
8. In what way does this change of feeling create a greater interest in the poem?
9. Impersonate the notary, René Leblanc, and relate some of the old superstitions.
10. Select two passages that appeal to you. Memorize them.
11. "All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face," etc. By a paraphrase, bring out the meaning of these lines.
12. Give arguments for or against: The phrase, "in fantastic shapes," adds to the effectiveness of the simile.
13. Appoint one member of your class to make an oral report on "curfew."
14. Re-read the last two lines of this chapter. After you read the entire poem return to these lines. What connection do they have to Evangeline's later life?

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1. **Hagar.** Sarah, the wife of Abraham, drove Hagar and her son into the desert.

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together,
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,

"Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants."

All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.
Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque.*
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal,
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion, and wildly he shouted—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!' ''
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak;
And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria[1]
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each

1. **Ave Maria.** These are the first two words of a Latin prayer to the Virgin. Read St. Luke I, 28.

"And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience."

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great armchair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.

"Meanwhile, amid the gloom by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened, and looked, until, overcome by emotion——"

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living[1]
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

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1. **Grave of the living.** A reference to the Church of Saint Charles, which was the temporary prison of the Acadian fathers and sons.

IN THE CHURCH OF SAINT CHARLES

1. The feast of betrothal.
2. The proclamation.
3. Father Felician.
4. Evangeline assists her people.

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Imagine you attended the feast of betrothal. Write an article for a newspaper describing your experiences.
2. Explain the following: Prince of Peace, Elijah, Sinai.
3. Give a character sketch of Michael, the fiddler.
4. Turn to the chapter in the text on "A Day in Evangeline Memorial Park," and study the photographs.
5. Procure a copy of the song, "*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres,*" and read the translation to the class.
6. What is meant by "tocsin"? Did the poet use this word appropriately? Explain.
7. What is the literal meaning of the word "emblazoned"?
8. "Like the Prophet descending from Sinai." Read Exodus XXXIV, 29–35. Do you see any connection?
9. Write a paragraph of at least one hundred words describing the scene in the Church of Saint Charles.
10. Memorize Father Felician's consoling words to his imprisoned parishioners.

V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession

"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen."

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions—
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction—
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder and whispered—
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery seaweed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.
But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the driftwood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering firelight.
"*Benedicite!*"[1] murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like[2] stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.

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1. **Benedicite.** A short prayer in Latin.
2. **Titan-like.** The Titans were giants who lived a long time ago. In Greek mythology, it is said, they waged a war on the gods, using huge rocks and large trees.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,[1]
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

1. **Nebraska.** A river that flows through Wyoming and Nebraska and empties its waters into the Missouri. See map of this region.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.
Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore
Motionless lay his form from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses,
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people—
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

SCENES AT THE MOUTH OF THE GASPEREAU

1. On the eve of the deportation.
2. The burning of Grand-Pré.
3. The death of our heroine's father.
4. The banishment.

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Make an outline for a three-minute talk on one of the following topics: (a) The "ministering angel"; (b) The night camp of the exiles; (c) The burning of Grand-Pré; (d) The departure of the Acadians.
2. In what way does this chapter arouse our emotions? Explain.
3. What can you say of the fortitude of Evangeline during these anxious moments?

4. Give the meaning of the following: wains, tremulous, refluent, gypsy, Titan-like, dirges, oblivious.
5. "Like unto shipwrecked Paul," etc. Read Acts XXVIII, 1-10.
6. Distinguish between trance and slumber, swoon and unconsciousness.
7. Name all the characters of this poem.
8. From your study of the text and the poem does the poet follow geographical and historical facts?
9. Imagine you were with the exiles. Write a letter to a friend describing your experiences.
10. Has Longfellow, to any extent, been unjust to the British?
11. "Gabriel! be of good cheer," etc. Read this entire passage. What characteristics of Evangeline may be seen in these lines?

PART THE SECOND

I

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household goods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas[1]—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters[2]
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.

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1. **Savannas.** Large plains where grass grows abundantly.
2. **Father of Waters.** The Mississippi River.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois[1] are they, and famous hunters and trappers,"
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He is a *Voyageur*[2] in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say: "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's[3] tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly—"I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
Said, with a smile—"O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!

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1. **Coureurs-des-Bois.** In the French language this means "Runners of the Woods."
2. **Voyageur.** A voyageur was an employee of the Hudson Bay Company who carried supplies between stations.
3. **St. Catherine.** Catherine was one of the patron saints or virgins. In this sentence, to live unmarried.

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean.
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveler follows a streamlet's course through the valley;
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only:
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;

Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

EVANGELINE SEARCHES FOR GABRIEL

1. Years have elapsed since the deportation.
2. Evangeline seeks Gabriel.
3. Father Felician comforts and inspires Evangeline.

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. It is obvious that "Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré." Why did the poet allow so much time to elapse?
2. What is meant by the Father of Waters?
3. Who were the *Coureurs-des-Bois?*
4. Throughout the poem you have noticed numerous allusions. In what way do these help you to understand and appreciate the poem?
5. Give meanings for the following: gods, savannas, mammoth, desert, Muse.
6. Mention any figures of speech that you have noticed in this chapter.
7. Write a paragraph of at least one hundred fifty words on "The Acadians in Exile."
8. What trait in Evangeline's character was of great value to her in the search for Gabriel?

II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,[1]
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,[2]
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles; a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast,[3] and the prairies of fair Opelousas.[4]
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward, o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness somber with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders,
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike

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1. **The Beautiful River.** The Ohio.
2. **Wabash.** The Wabash River divides Indiana and Illinois and flows into the Ohio River.
3. **Acadian coast.** Along the shores at the mouth of the Mississippi.
4. **Opelousas.** This was originally the name applied to a portion of Louisiana.

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sandbars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees,[1] in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cotes.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast,[2] and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,[3]
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.

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1. **China-trees.** These were Cinchona, a common tree in some countries of South America.
2. **Golden Coast.** That section of Louisiana above Baton Rouge.
3. **Plaquemine.** This is the name of a town on the Mississippi, one hundred twelve miles north of New Orleans.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,[1]
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.

1. **Mimosa.** A sensitive plant.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest,
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.
Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.[1]
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus[2]
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,

1. **Lakes of the Atchafalaya.** A branch of the Red River.
2. **Lotus.** A kind of lily.

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.
Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows,
And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest—"O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added—"Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered—
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,

On the banks of the Têche[1] are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."
And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness

1. **Têche.** A stream flowing into the Mississippi.

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.[1]
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI

1. The boatmen.
2. Evangeline misses Gabriel.
3. Her vision.
4. The journey continues.

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Draw a map showing the journey of Evangeline.
2. Give meanings of the following: chutes, cotton-trees, wimpling, tenebrous, lotus, trumpet-flower, palmettos, tholes, Yule-tide.
3. Distinguish between "elusion" and "delusion."
4. Imagine you were one of the boatmen. Describe the journey down the Mississippi.

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1. **Bacchantes.** These were priestesses of Bacchus, who, through the influence of wine and excitement became delirious during certain festivals.

5. Select two passages from this chapter that appeal to you. Memorize them.
6. Using the first person relate Evangeline's dream.
7. "Angel of God," etc. Read Genesis XVI, 7.
8. What is meant by the ladder of Jacob?
9. Mention some of the beautiful traits in Evangeline's character that are clearly shown in this chapter.
10. What is compared to a "magician extending his golden wand o'er the landscape"?

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cotes were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;

When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the Blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said—"If you come by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent—
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said—and his voice grew blithe as he said it—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tired and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes[1] to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,[2]
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals,
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.

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1. **Adayes.** The name of a town in the northern part of Texas.
2. **Olympus.** A lofty mountain, the home of the Homeric gods, in Thessaly.

Much they marveled to see the wealth of the ci-devant[1] blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marveled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the airy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches[2] tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:
"Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless,

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1. **Ci-devant.** This is a French word meaning "former."
2. **Natchitoches.** This is a town in Louisiana situated on the Red River.

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.
Smoothly the plowshare runs through the soil as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homestead,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer—
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nut-
shell!''
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps ap-
proaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles[1] and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the Herds-
man.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors;
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were
as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the mad-
dening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the
music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering
garments.
Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the
herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the
garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the
forest,

1. **Creoles.** A name given those people who are descended from the Spanish of the West Indies.

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.[1]
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and the fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."[2]
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,

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1. **Carthusian.** An order of Monks established in 1086.
2. **Upharsin.** The Book of Daniel describes the feast of the King, Belshazzar, and on the wall a hand appeared and wrote "Mene Tekel, Upharsin." Daniel interpreted this sign to mean "the death of the king."

Wandered alone, and she cried—"O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country,
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord,
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

AN ACADIAN REUNION

1. The new home of Basil.
2. He gives information about Gabriel.
3. Michael, the fiddler.
4. Reunion of the exiles.
5. Evangeline alone in the garden.
6. They resume the search.

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. Give a brief synopsis of this chapter.
2. Give the meaning of the following passage: "The line . . . trees."

3. Describe the meeting with Basil.
4. Give meanings for the following: doublet, sombrero, wrathful cloud, Olympus, ci-devant, Creoles, oracular caverns.
5. Read Daniel V, 25, for the meaning of "Upharsin."
6. What is meant by "her heart was more fragrant than the flowers, etc."?
7. The author mentions the word, "Temple." What temple does he mean?
8. How do you account for the fact that Father Felician still had hope and courage?
9. Select three important passages from this chapter that should be memorized by the pupils of your class.
10. Write out a list of word pictures you found in this chapter, and read it to the class.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleyway and Owyhee.[1]
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,[2]
Through the Sweetwater Valley[3] precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout[4] and the Spanish sierras,[5]
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.

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1. **Walleyway and Owyhee.** These rivers flow into the Oregon River.

2. **Wind-river Mountains.** These mountains are a part of the Rockies in Idaho.

3. **Sweetwater Valley.** This valley lies among the Wind River Mountains.

4. **Fontaine-qui-bout.** This is the French for "boiling spring." It is supposed to be a spring near Denver.

5. **Spanish sierras.** The word "sierra" in Spanish means "saw." Hence, mountains whose tops resemble a saw; *i.e.*, craggy and rough. These mountains lie east of New Mexico and Utah.

Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful
prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the
roebuck;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with
travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,[1]
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-
trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage
marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-run-
ning rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the
desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the
brookside,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind
him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and
Basil

1. **Ishmael's children.** It is supposed that the lost tribes wandered across Bering Strait and became the forefathers of the American Indian.

Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at night-fall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana[1]
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering firelight

1. **Fata Morgana.** A mirage or optical illusion.

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;[1]
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seem like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau,[2] who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,

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1. **Mowis.** Read Schoolcraft's "Indian Myths."
2. **Lilinau.** Read this story in Schoolcraft's "Indian Myths."

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the somber leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along—"On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they near him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered—
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief[1] with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travelers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,

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1. **Black Robe chief.** Read "Atala" by the French author, Chateaubriand. It seems probable that Longfellow had read this book.

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother tongue in the forest,
And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snowflakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive—
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the cornfield.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;
It is the compass-flower,[1] that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveler's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

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1. **Compass-flower.** A large perennial plant having a yellow flower.

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter—yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
Soundest sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw[1] river.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,[2]
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities,
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.

---

1. **Saginaw.** A river in Michigan.
2. **Moravian Missions.** Christian brothers established a settlement at Fulnek, Moravia. When their settlement was destroyed by the Thirty Years' War, they migrated to America and opened missions. It is said their manners and customs were similar to those of the Quakers.

Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

STILL SEARCHING FOR GABRIEL

1. The Great West.
2. Camp-fires.
3. The Shawnee woman.
4. At the Indian mission.
5. Another disappointment.
6. Evangeline becomes weary as the years roll by.

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. In a paragraph of one hundred fifty words describe the "Far West."
2. Name any new characters that the poet introduces in this chapter.
3. In a two-minute talk, relate Evangeline's wanderings as told by the poet in this chapter.
4. Give meanings of the following: luminous, amorphas, marauders, taciturn, crystalline, venison, incantation, implacable, precipitate, anchorite, Camanches, watergourd, asphodel.
5. Make a list of ten adjectives and add them to your vocabulary. Make it a practice to add new words to your vocabulary every day.
6. How does the Great West of to-day differ from the Great West of yesterday?
7. Impersonate Evangeline and give an account of the interview with the Shawnee woman.
8. On a map of our country, locate all the places mentioned by the poet.

9. Who were Ishmael's children? Tell who are meant and why they are so called.
10. Before writing this section, our poet read Schoolcraft's Indian books. Find a copy of one of these books and bring it to class.
11. "Dawn of another life," etc. Explain what "life" is meant, and why it is likened to the morning.
12. Memorize the eleven lines beginning with the word "Patience!"

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,[1]
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads[2] whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger:
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.

---

1. **Penn.** William Penn.
2. **Dryads.** Wood nymphs, which people believed lived and died with the trees.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.

Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in a meadow,
So death flooded life, and o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless;
Then in the suburbs[1] it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands—
Now the city surrounds it; but still with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo

1. **Suburbs.** Meaning the suburbs of Philadelphia. On a visit to this city Longfellow was impressed by an almshouse.

Softly the words of the Lord—"The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the alms-house.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,[1]
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.[2]
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;

---

1. **Christ Church.** This is the church in Philadelphia where Franklin is buried.
2. **Wicaco.** A suburb of Philadelphia.

Something within her said — "At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with a light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow; and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.
Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment

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WALNUT PLACE, PHILADELPHIA

Here was situated Friends Almshouse where Evangeline found Gabriel

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew,[1] with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over,
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down to infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

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1. **Like the Hebrew.** Read Exodus XII, 7–31, and Leviticus IV, 7.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.
All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed;
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!
Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom;
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

THE CONCLUSION

1. In Philadelphia.
2. Evangeline becomes a Sister of Mercy.
3. Gabriel is found.
4. "And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story."

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. From the thoughts in the opening lines of this chapter, name the stream and the city.
2. Relate Evangeline's experiences in this city.
3. Mention the "streets that still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest."
4. After you consult an encyclopedia make a report on the "Sisters of Mercy."
5. The lines, "Thus many years she lived . . . returning home from its watchings," are considered the best passages of the poem. If you do not agree with this statement give to the class your choice.
6. Read Westcott's, "Historic Mansions of Philadelphia," paying strict attention to the "almshouse."
7. Point out five figures of speech in this chapter.
8. Commit to memory the last part of this poem, beginning with the words "Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow," etc.
9. Why will the fair name of Evangeline continue to live in our best literature?
10. Select a number of your classmates to dramatize this poem. Give the dramatization in assembly before your school.
11. If you have enjoyed studying and reading this book, write a letter to the author expressing your reaction.

METER OF THE POEM

The author has mentioned that the meter of the poem is *hexameter*. More accurately speaking the meter is *Dactyl Hexameter*. A *dactyl* is a foot that has three syllables with the accent on the first; a *hexameter* is a verse of six feet.

The following marked selection will give the reader an understanding of what is meant by *accent* and *meter:*

This is the | forest pri | meval; the | murmuring | pines and the | hemlocks.

Critics agree that the following is an excellent example of *hexameter* scansion:

Chanting the | Hundredth | Psalm—that | grand old | Puritan | Anthem.

In his reading and study Longfellow had always been impressed with this uncommon but not un-English meter. As soon as he heard the story of the "Acadian Girl" from the lips of Horace Lorenzo Conolly, he believed that the hexameter was the best measure to be used in the narration of the "Acadian Tragedy." In his notes as recorded in the Chapter—*Writing Evangeline*—you have seen that both Mrs. Longfellow and Sumner doubted this measure. In fact Longfellow experimented with the English *pentameter*, but finally chose the *hexameter*. Below is the song of the mocking-bird in *pentameter*. You may compare

the two measures by reading the story of the mocking bird on page 210.

"Upon a spray, that overhung the stream,
The mocking-bird, awaking from his dream,
Poured such delicious music from his throat
That all the air seemed listening to his note.
Plaintive at first the song began and slow;
It breathed of sadness, and of pain and woe;
Then gathering all his notes, abroad he flung
The multitudinous music from his tongue;
As, after showers, a sudden gust again,
Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain."

Robertson, a discriminating biographer of Longfellow, has this to say about the meter of Evangeline:

"The truth is that this measure, within its proper use, should be regarded not as a bastard classicism, but as a wholly modern invention. Impassioned speech more often breaks into pentameter and hexameter than into any other measure. Longfellow himself has pointed to the splendid hexameters that abound in our Bible. 'Husbands love your wives, and be not bitter against them;' 'God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.' Would Mr. Swinburne, simply because these are English hexameters, deny their lofty beauty? This form of verse will never, in all probability, become a favorite vehicle for poets' thoughts, but by a singular *tour de force*, Longfellow succeeded in getting rid of the popular prejudice against it, and whatever classicists may say, he put more varied melody into his lines than Clough, Hawtrey, Kingsley, Howells or Bayard Taylor, attained in similar experiments."

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

KEY

ā *as in* fate
ȧ *as in* senate
ă *as in* hat
ä *as in* father
ą *as in* tall
â *as in* care
å *as in* sofa

ē *as in* we
ĕ *as in* yet

ē *as in* me
ė *as in* event
ẽ *as in* her

ī *as in* fine
ĭ *as in* tin

ō *as in* tone
ŏ *as in* hot
ô *as in* orb
o̊ *as in* brother

o͞o *as in* soon
o͝o *as in* foot

ū *as in* tune
ŭ *as in* hut
û *as in* burr
ů *as in* units

ou *as in* out
oi *as in* oil

ñ *as in* any

Abbe Chauvreulx, ȧ bā′shōv rû′
Acadie, ȧ kȧ dē′
Adayes, ȧ dā′
adjacent, ă jā′sĕnt
Algonquin, ăl gŏn′kĭn
ambrosial, ăm brō′zhĭ ăl
amethyst, ăm′ĕ thĭst
Angelus, ăn′jĕ lŭs
apropos, ăp rŏ pō′
asphodel, ăs′fŏ dĕl
assiduous, ă sĭd′ū ŭs
Atchafalaya, ăch′ȧ fȧ lī′ȧ
authentic, ô thĕn′tĭk

Babylon, băb′ў lŏn
Bacchantes, bȧ kăn′tēz
Basil, băz′ĭl
Bayou, bī′o͞o
Beaubassin, bō bȧ săn′
Beaucharnois, bō′shär nwȧ′
Beau Sejour, bō′sā zhūr′
Bellefontaine, bĕl′fôn tĕn′
Benacadie, bĕn ȧ′kȧ dē
Benedicite, bĕn′ē dĭs′ĭ tē
Blomidon, blŏm′ĭ dŭn
bourgeois, bo͝or zhwȧ′
Bowdoin, bō′dn
Brahma, brä′mȧ

cache, kȧsh
cadence, kā′dĕns
calcite, kăl′sīt
Canard, kȧ närd′
caribou, kăr′ĭ bo͞o
Carthusian, kär thū′zhăn
Cartier, kär tyā′
cauldrons, kôl′drŭns
caulking-mallet, kôk′ing-măl′ĕt
Chebucto, shē bŭk′to͞o
Chicabenacadie, chĭk′ȧ bĕn ȧ′kȧ dē
Chiever, chē′vẽr
Chignecto, shĭg nĕk′tō
ci-devant, sē dē vän′
citadel, sĭt′ȧ dĕl
congealed, kŏn jēld′
Cormier, kŏr′mē ā
Coulon de Villiers, ko͞o lōn′ dē vē lĭā′
Coureurs des Bois, ko͞o rûr′dē bwä′
crystalline, krĭs′tăl ĭn

debris, dā brē′
decimate, dĕs′ĭ māt
demeanor, dē mēn′ẽr
deprivation, dĕp rĭ vā′shŭn
Diereville, dĭâr vel′
dolphin, dŏl′fĭn
Don Quixote, Dŏn kwĭk′sŏt
Druids, dro͞o′ĭds
Dryads, drī′ădz
Duchy, dŭch′ĭ

dulse, dŭls

equinoxes, ē′kwĭ nŏks ĕs
etherial, ē thē′rē ăl
Evangeline, ē văn′jē lĭn

fac simile, făk sĭm′ĭ lē
Fata Morgana, fä′tä môr gä′nä
Felician, fē lĭsh′ŭn
fiance, fē än sā′
fjords, fyôrds
fleur de lis, flûr dē lē′
Fontaine-qui bout, fôn tĕn′ kĭ bo͞o′

Gabriel, gā′brĭ ĕl
Gaspe, gȧs pā′
Gaspereau, gȧs pė rō′
geodes, jē′ōds
Gibraltar, jĭ brąl′tĕr
glacial, glā′shăl
glebe, glēb
Glooscap, glo͞os′kăp
Goethe, gû′tē
Grand-Pré, grän prā′
grievous, grēv′ŭs
Guerriere, gēr rĭ ârr′
guzzle, gŭz′l

habitat, hăb′ĭ tăt
Haliburton, hăl′ĭ bûr′tn
Heidelberg, hī′dĕl bûrg
Huguenot, hū′gĕ nŏt
Hyperion, hī pē′rĭ ŏn

imprecations, ĭm prĕ kā′shŭns
inclement, ĭn klĕm′ĕnt
insidious, ĭn sĭd′ĭ ŭs
iodine, ī′ō dĭn
irascible, ĭ răs′ĭ bl
Iroquois, ĭr ō kwoi′
itinerants, ī tĭn′ĕr ănts

jetty, jĕt′ĭ

Ketacadie, kĕt ȧ′kȧ dē

Labiche, lȧ bēsh′
Lajeunesse, lä zhū nez′
Landry, lȧn′drē
leaguer, lē′gĕr
Letiche, lĕ tēch′
Lilinau, lĭ lĭ nō′
lineal, lĭn′ē ăl
Louisbourg, lo͞o′ĭs bûrg
Loup-garou, lo͞o′gȧ ro͞o′

Machias, mȧ chē′ȧs
Malecite, mȧl ĕ sīt′
manœuvre, mȧ no͞o′vr
Mare Lescarbot, mär′lĕs kär bō′
Marin, mär ăn′
maritime, măr′ĭ tīm
marjoram, mär′jō răm
Marquis de Beaucharnois, mär′kwĭs de bō′shär nwȧ
Mascarene, mȧs kȧ rēn′
matachias, mȧ tȧ chē ȧz′
Melitas, mĕ lē′tȧs
meteorology, mē′tĕ ŏr ŏl′ŏ jĭ
Micmac, mĭk′măk
Minas, mī′nȧs
molestation, mō lĕs tā′shŭn
Mordaunt, môr dän′
Muen, mo͞o′ĕn
museum, mū zē′ŭm

Natchitoches, nȧch ē tō kēz′
Nepenthe, nē pĕn′thē
Nicholas Denys, nĭk′ō lȧs dĕn′ĭs
Nilpah, nĭl′pȧ
nonagenarian, nŏn ȧ jē nā′ rĭ ăn

Opelousas, ŏp ē lo͞o′sȧs
Outre-Mer, o͞o trā′mĕr

pathos, pā′thŏs
perpetuate, pĕr pĕt′ū āte
Petit codiac, pĕ′tĭ ko′dĭ ăc
phenomena, fē nŏm′ē nȧ
Pierre du Gast, pyâr′ dŭ gäst
Pizequid, pĭz′ĭ qĭd

Plaquemine, plăk mēn′
Poutrincourt, pōō trăn kōōr′
Pompeii, pŏm pā′yē
presaged, prē sājd′

refluent, rĕf′lōō ĕnt
Rene Leblanc, rē nā′lē blän′
Richter, rĭk′tēr
Riviere aux Canard, rĭv ēr′ ō kȧ närd′
Rochfort, rōk′fôrt
Ryswick, rĭz′wĭk
rendezvous, rän′dĕ vōō

Saint Eulalie, sānt ū lä′lē′
San Blas, sän bläs′
Schiller, shĭll′ēr
Scorpion, skôr′pĭ ŭn
sepulcher, sĕp′ŭl kēr
seraglio, sĕ räl′yō
Shubenacadie, shū′bĕn ȧ′kȧ dē
Sieur D'Aunay, sē′ûr dō nā′
Sieur de Mont, sē′ûr de môn′
silhouetted, sĭl ŏō ĕt′ĕd
solstice, sŏl′stĭs
sombre, sŏm′bēr
sombrero, sŏm brā′rō
sonorous, sō nō′rŭs
squadrons, skwŏd′rŭns
St. Maur, săn môr′

St. Pierre, săn pyâr′
strategic, strȧ tē′jĭk
Sunacadie, sŭn ȧ′kȧ dē
superstition, sū pēr stĭsh′ŭn
sycamore, sĭk′ȧ mōr

Teche, Bayou, bī′ōō tĕsh′
tempestuous, tĕm pĕs′tū ŭs
Tieck, tēk
Titan-like, tī′tăn līk
topography, tō pŏg′rȧ fĭ
Tracadie, trȧ′kȧ dē
treadles, trĕd′ls

Upharsin, ū fär′sn
unprecedented, ŭn prĕs′ē dĕn tĕd
Ultima Thule, ŏŏl′tē mȧ tōō′lā
Ulysses, ū lĭs′ēz
Utrecht, ū′trĕkt

Vandreuil vō drû′ȳ
Vauban, vō bän′
Voyageur, vwȧ yȧ zhûr′

Wabash, wô′băsh
Wachita, wä′shĭ tȧ
weir, wēr
withe, with

Zeppelin, zĕp′pĕ lĭn

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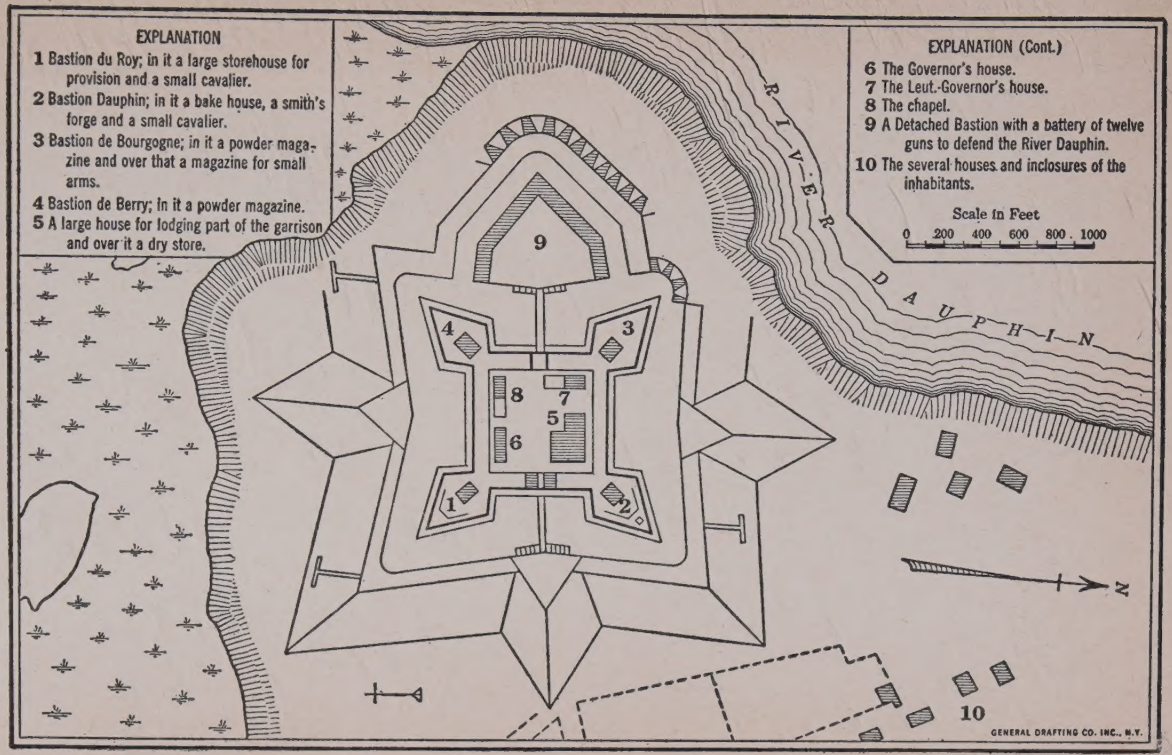
EXPLANATION
1 Bastion du Roy; in it a large storehouse for provision and a small cavalier.
2 Bastion Dauphin; in it a bake house, a smith's forge and a small cavalier.
3 Bastion de Bourgogne; in it a powder magazine and over that a magazine for small arms.
4 Bastion de Berry; in it a powder magazine.
5 A large house for lodging part of the garrison and over it a dry store.
EXPLANATION (Cont.)
6 The Governor's house.
7 The Leut.-Governor's house.
8 The chapel.
9 A Detached Bastion with a battery of twelve guns to defend the River Dauphin.
10 The several houses and inclosures of the inhabitants.
Scale in Feet
0 200 400 600 800 1000
RIVER DAUPHIN
N
GENERAL DRAFTING CO. INC., N.Y.

PLAN OF FORT AT PORT ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA